

IN THIS ISSUE—DR. WILLETT'S CENTENNIAL ADDRESS ON THOMAS CAMPBELL

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PROF. HERBERT LOCKWOOD WILLETT

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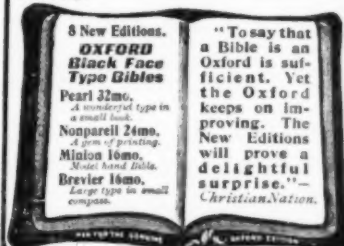
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# The Christian Century

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON AND HERBERT L. WILLETT, EDITORS

## The Centennial Conventions

### Impressions of the Great Gathering at Pittsburg

We are able to present this week only a small part of our Convention news. The more detailed reports of the societies, the record of many incidents of the Convention and the summaries of results achieved and impressions left we must postpone for another week.

Meantime, it is enough, perhaps, to affirm with emphasis that the first centennial of our history as a religious body seeking the unity of the people of God has been celebrated in a manner sufficiently notable to attract the attention of the entire religious world. No minister or church throughout the country could be entirely unconcerned in the events which transpired last week at the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela Rivers. Old Fort Pitt was never dignified with such a series of religious gatherings as then took place.

The impression on the city of Pittsburg was notable. While many thought that the newspapers gave only a partial and divided attention to the great gathering, apology was found for them in the fact that an athletic event of almost supreme local interest was in progress at the same time. But if the open-hearted generosity of the Pittsburg churches on the Sunday was of moment as signifying the right kind of awareness, surely Pittsburg was greatly impressed by the Centennial Conventions.

The impression on our own people was even greater. The very hugeness of the Convention was enough to daze the average visitor. A part of the confusion regarding time, place and details felt by every one present, in spite of all the information furnished by the printed programs, was due, unquestionably, to the monster character of the assembly, so far beyond the records of any previous gathering of the kind. Those who were present will never lose the impressions of the week. As time goes on those who found most to criticize will forget this feature and dwell with satisfaction upon the social inspirations, the prophetic messages, and the uplifting worship of these meetings. It will take time for the most appreciative and intelligent student of the Convention to grow up to any adequate conception of its size and meaning. One must think it over in quietness and let it flood his soul through all its channels and bays with its significance and its inspiration.

It must have suggested to the least attentive a whole series of new ideals toward which the Disciples are setting themselves either consciously or unconsciously in these first days of the new century. Not as before must we do things in the time to come. Our period of experiment and hesitance is now closed. We know something of our resources and opportunities. We know the definite task that has been placed before us of God; to stand timid and hesitant, to fall back upon mere watchwords, to allow others to go before us in the divine privilege of the holy mission, is no longer possible.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that can never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.  
Oh be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet.  
Our God is marching on."

The Centennial of the Disciples of Christ was a completion and a beginning.

### Convention Notes

The long awaited Centennial Conventions of the Disciples of Christ have come and gone; and not one of the many thousands present could doubt that the event was one of the most notable in the history of American Christianity. Probably larger convocations of Christian people have been held at various times and places, especially in the great interdenominational gatherings such as the Christian Endeavor Societies and the Young Men's Christian Associations. But we know of no single religious body that has furnished at any time in American history so large a company of people gathered in a convention holding its sessions during the entire period of more than a week.

Pittsburg was the appropriate place for the celebration of our Centennial. In the vicinity of this city the events with which our early history is connected had their scene. It was in the Allegheny

Valley that Thomas Campbell first attempted those definite efforts for Christian unity which aroused the churches of the region to the fancied dangers of unification, and the Brush Run Church, the first local congregation resulting from the work of these reformers, was located only a few miles distant. Pittsburg was the natural gathering place for the historic memories of the early days.

The Convention halls centered at the Carnegie Institute, provided by Pittsburg's most famous citizen for the housing of the art and science collections connected with an educational plant which promises to be one of the noblest in the world. The main hall in Carnegie Institute has sittings for some 2,300 people. Its beautiful lobbies were the appropriate place for the interchange of greetings by the thousands present. On the lower floors the exhibits of the colleges and publishing houses were arranged, while in rooms beyond the collections of sculpture were the missionary exhibits. All these places were thronged constantly with the wearers of the familiar Centennial Convention badge.

The other places at which sessions were held were far less satisfactory than Carnegie Hall. Duquesne Garden, a skating rink of large dimensions, was first used as a double hall, a screen being stretched across the center; but this was found impracticable and confusing, and later the entire building was thrown together and used on such occasions as were available by reason of the imperfect heating facilities. Some blocks away was Luna Park, an amusement resort where a large hall was available. But this had the same disadvantages of chill and lack of attractiveness. In addition, three or four of the neighboring churches were used for many of the sessions.

This variety of meeting places and the changes necessitated by unfavorable conditions in several of them were features which met most criticism from visitors to the Convention. The element of uncertainty as to where any particular program would be rendered almost amounted to exasperation. In spite of any efforts the local committee could make to notify the different audiences where the next day's sessions would be held, there were thousands of Convention visitors who wandered about in hopeless confusion regarding the whereabouts of the men they were most anxious to hear. The program designated the different meeting places by letters rather than by names. But these letters themselves were changed from day to day as different halls and churches were used, so that confusion was inevitable. Some of the sessions were held as far away as East Liberty, and necessitated great inconvenience as well as perplexity. No one questioned that the local committee made the best arrangement it was able, but the results were keenly disappointing in this regard at least.

At this writing it is impossible to say with definiteness what the total convention attendance was. Members of the committee reported on Thursday night that more than 30,000 had registered and that at least 10,000 were expected over Saturday and Sunday. The attendance at the communion service on Sunday afternoon was estimated at 26,000 by the local papers, and should have been a fair index of the strength of the Convention. But as this included the membership of the local churches, the numbers are probably too high for the visiting delegates. The total capacity of the halls used at any one sitting probably did not exceed 10,000. This necessarily left a large proportion of the Convention unprovided with sittings at any one time. But of course, few of the delegates were able or anxious to attend the sessions continuously.

The arrival of Convention visitors on Monday and Tuesday was enormous. Train after train poured in with special parties all the way from California to the Atlantic. One of the most notable delegations was that from California, which, considering the distance it had come, was remarkable in size. The largest single party was that from the Independence Boulevard Church in Kansas City, brought by Mr. R. A. Long. This was accompanied by the Third Regiment Band of Kansas City, one of the interesting features of the Convention.

(Continued on page 5.)



## The Trend of Events

By Alva W. Taylor

### THE DEATH OF CHINA'S GRAND OLD MAN

Chang Chi Tung, the grand old man of China, is dead. He has been one of the Celestial Empire's greatest viceroys for many years, and was more than eighty years old. He was one of the first of the great men of the nation to see the light. Years ago he wrote "China's Only Hope." It reached a sale of more than a million. It was a plea for justice, for progress, and for national morality. He saw the designs of the imperialistic powers and wept for his beloved country. In this book he roused the nation to the world wide issue of modern civilization. At the time of the Boxer troubles he was reported in danger but his influence was very great and was powerfully exerted in the reforms that followed. But for his age he would have wielded even greater power. Recently he ordered that the New Testament be taught in the schools of his province along side the Confucian classics. Like Thos. Jefferson he counted it greater to be the founder of schools than ruler of millions. His province was populated by as many people as the German Empire and by Chinese custom he wielded even greater authority than does the Kaiser. He was a staunch defender of his own nation's integrity and one of its true patriots. In this he was a timely example to his countrymen for China must evolve a nationwide patriotism in place of her deadening provincialism before she can become that cohesive power that will take rightful place among the first nations of the earth.

The question may well be asked whether there is any true hope of China's becoming modern until she loses her worship of ancestors and puts young men into her places of authority. Age is revered in China and children are taught to do only what their fathers and grandfathers would do. The nation ruled by patriarchs moves slowly for the aged are conservative and turn to the past more than the future. It is doubtless fortunate that the youth of China are not given power in a day or they would move too rapidly and bring a conflict. But the energy and initiative of the younger men of China will be her chief hope of progress. Aged men with the vision of Chang Chi Tung are rare.

Recently another Viceroy has commended the study of the Gospels. He said to an audience of American and English missionaries "My hope is that the teachers of both countries will widely spread the Gospel more than ever, that hatred may be banished and distress dispersed, and that the influence of the Gospel may create boundless happiness for my people of China."

### DO THE CITIES FURNISH MISSIONARIES?

It is rather startling to find that few missionary volunteers come from cities. The American Board (Congregational) finds that out of 388 missionaries sent from New Hampshire and Vermont during its history but 6 came from city churches. In Massachusetts out of 556 sent but thirteen came from Boston. It would be more than interesting to make a wide investigation of this matter. It would be significant were it found universally true. Our country churches are the strongholds of missionary enthusiasm. There is provincialism in city churches that they would scarcely acknowledge. It is the provincialism, not of isolation but of pre-occupation. It was also found that practically all the above missionaries came from churches aided at some time by the Home Missionary Society.

### ACROSS WIDEST AFRICA

The Sudan is a country as large as the United States. An American, Walter Savage Landor, recently made a journey from the Abyssinian to the Senegambian Coast. In all he traveled some 6,000 miles. It is a country little known to the white man though it has been the scene of stirring events here and there in the past few years. Khartoum is on the eastern borders and all recall the tragic martyrdom of General Gordon and the Grant-like persistence of Kitchener in clearing Upper Egypt of the fanatical Mahists and laying the Khartoum railway. England is now governing this Nubian country in peace but strangely it is not favorable to missionary work, fearing it will arouse the fanaticism of the Mohammedans. France is building roads into the west central interior and Timbuctoo is no longer the city of mystery. The Great Sahara is found to be much more than an unbroken desert

of sand and the peoples of the Southwest especially are a much higher type of folk than the negro of the Niger and the lands north of the Kongo. The Arab has marts and sends his caravans far and wide and is establishing his religion with no little zeal. But he gives no real education and his sacred Koran must not be translated into the vernacular. The new convert is either taught a few of its sacred precepts or enough of the Arabic to be able to recite in a meaningless manner its sacred text. But he is pre-empting the land and giving enough of better morals to fix his rule for generations unless Christianity hastens to send the better way. The Sudan Pioneer Mission has two stations in the east, one at Assuan, the site of the great Nile Dam, and the other at Daran. Five white missionaries are at work and \$18,500 was contributed to their cause in 1908. The society has money in the treasury but needs workers. It is a trying pioneer field but one that will some day be glorious by the memories of these pioneers. There is a school for girls with an attendance of eighty, the Gospel of John has been translated, medical work is done and a wide distribution of literature made. In all the vast western portion of the country there are no missionaries but a people of wonderful virility ready for their coming. Abyssinia is at the beginning of a breakup. When Menelik dies the foreigner will be able to break down the seclusion his powerful rule has sustained and the true Gospel may be carried to that oldest of so called Christian nations. Menelik has craved modern ways but has not been willing for western peoples to bring them because of his fear of imperialistic powers.

### THE CONGO COMPANIES AGAIN CONVICTED

The newspapers report that the American missionary under trial for slandering the Congo administration has been acquitted. This is doubtless the case of Rev. Shepherd who was cited to appear at the mouth of the Congo, 1,000 miles from his place of work, to stand a trial for stating that the natives were driven to labor, compelled to collect a certain amount of rubber, and severely punish, even mutilated, for failing to bring in the amount demanded. It so the Congo administration is again convicted by its own courts. Mr. Shepherd, a colored missionary from America, has proven himself a man of great courage. He has dared to risk his all in the enemy's country for the sake of freeing his people from the tyrannous yoke of Leopold. When the Belgian government took over the Congo administration it was hoped things would be improved and the wrongs righted. The charges made by Mr. Shepherd antedate the change in administration but the news regarding the reforms of the government are not at all encouraging. The impressing of labor has not been stopped though its severity has been forbidden. The expropriated land is still in the possession of the exploiting companies. There can be no freedom for a people that are impressed for labor and whose land is taken forcibly from them and turned over to syndicates. Both our government and Great Britain have refused to give official recognition of the Belgian government's power under the new arrangement until genuine reforms are inaugurated. Justice demands that the Berlin conference be reconvened and the Congo put under the supervision of the powers. One thing of hope is found in the new government and that is that they are fulfilling Leopold's original contract to see that all missions should have ground, without discrimination, for their work.

### THE APPALLING INCREASE IN DIVORCE

The rate of divorce in the United States has increased from twenty-nine per 100,000 in 1870 to eighty-two in 1905, the latest available statistics. Put another way, in 1870 there was one divorce for every 3,441 of population while in 1905 there was one for every 1218 people. Today one out of every twelve marriages result in a divorce. The city rate is much higher than that of the country, a fact true in all nations. Japan only has a higher divorce rate. Twenty years ago one out of every four marriages there resulted in divorce. In those days the husband had almost supreme rights as in Old Testament times. Matters have greatly improved there but late statistics are not at hand. In Europe the marriage rate is decreasing and the divorce rate increasing. Catholic countries are often cited as examples by anti-divorce advocates but they neglect to tell of the illegitimacy of those countries. Austria heads the list here though Ireland is at the bottom be it said to her credit. The awakening of intelligence seems to bring an independence of restraint among those classes that are just awakening to individual freedom. Poverty increases illegitimate births and the districts seem to lead in numbers, doubtless due to the



fact that prostitution in the cities leaves no statistics, while country places do not have that horrible traffic.

The divorce problem is thus seen to have many complicating elements. The increase of divorce may mean the decrease of adultery. It may mean the freedom of womankind from the old marital bondage. Twice as many women obtain divorces as men but adultery is the husband's cause oftener than it is the wife's. It is rather surprising to find that divorced women marry much sooner than divorced men and that 80 per cent of the decrees are granted at the place of bona fide residence. It seems to be only those who have money and small causes go to the states where divorce is easy. One-third of the petitions are denied by the courts and 20 per cent of those granted are directly due to drink. The number where domestic trouble arises through drink cannot be determined but would doubtless be large.

The matter of divorce is a social problem. Ecclesiastical law has befogged the issue. Separation at least should not be denied to those whose lives are made miserable by the delinquencies of a companion who will not reform. The domestic relation is the most fundamental of all social institutions. Remarriage might be forbidden and thus the integrity of the marriage bond sustained but to compel one to live in a home that makes life a slavery and destroys all personal happiness is scarcely demanded by the law of either man or God. The home is the basic human institution. Even though its sacredness demand that there be no divorce allowed may not that very sacredness also demand that it be not made unholy by a state of domestic life that ruins the characters of all who live within it? The English custom of granting separation without divorce commends itself from the standpoint of the state and church. Illegitimacy in England is less than in any other country except Ireland though in London both prostitution and illegitimacy are at their worst.

## Convention Notes

Continued from page 3.

The delegates were registered at the Convention Headquarters on Liberty street in the heart of the city, and were there provided with the Convention badge and program. The badge was a copper pin, bearing on its face the representation of the Brush Run Church, built in 1810, and bearing the dates "1809-1909." Beneath, suspended by a yellow and black ribbon, the colors of Pittsburg, was a shield bearing the portraits of the four founders, quartered by a cross bearing the words "Disciples of Christ," "Centennial." Above a turreted head bore the words "Pittsburg, October 11-19, 1909." On the reverse side were the words from the Savior's prayer, "That they all may be one, that the world may believe." The program was a convenient leather-bound volume containing the entire official program, a collection of Convention songs, the history of the churches of Pittsburg and vicinity, a sketch of the pioneers, and other interesting data, especially numerous illustrations.

Vendors of badges, flags, buttons, and other souvenir materials were numerous in the vicinity of Carnegie Hall and drove a profitable business. The missionary societies, in addition to their exhibits, sold souvenirs and photographs representing the localities where the missionary work is done. The publishing houses both those of the Disciples and other large publishing interests, had stands in the basement, where books and other useful materials were offered for sale.

The weather was only satisfactory during part of the Convention period. On Sunday the 17th it was almost perfect. The sun shone with warmth and the wind was comparatively low. But during the other days of the week clouds prevailed and part of the time there was light rain. Yet this inconvenient weather did not seem to dampen the spirits of the thousands who were in attendance.

The Hotel Schenley was the official headquarters of the Convention so far as any hotel could be. It was the only hostelry located within easy walking distance, and naturally those who desired accommodations close to the Convention halls chose this place. Considerable inconvenience was experienced through the evident desire of all the hotels in Pittsburg to profit by the great crowd of baseball enthusiasts who thronged the city during the middle of the week. Many delegates found their reservations entirely ignored and were compelled to go elsewhere, after they had supposed themselves fully provided for. The hotel people apparently believed that the baseball crowd would be a more profitable one than a convention of church delegates.

The Convention program was, on the whole, satisfactory. An earnest effort had been made by the Centennial Committee to secure a thoroughly representative list of speakers. No one could complain that any section of the country or group of interests had been for-

gotten. Not all men who are doing successful work as preachers or teachers are, however, inspiring convention speakers. And for this reason the general average of the Convention sessions was probably below that of our usual annual gatherings. Some of the addresses were notably fine. Those who heard such speeches as the ones given by George H. Combs, Arthur Holmes, Charles S. Medbury, A. B. Philpott, S. J. Corey, Dr. Johnston, and others that might be named, will not soon forget them. On the other hand, there were some addresses far from adequate when measured from even the average convention standpoint. But this only illustrates the familiar fact that the larger the range of selection, the less possible is it to have all the utterances first rank in character.

Probably the address most discussed was that of Mr. Samuel Hardin Church on "The Progress of the Disciples During the Century." It was not a notable address either in form or content, but it became such by the violent antagonism it aroused through some of its utterances, quite unnecessary, as it seemed to us, upon matters of cherished Christian belief, such as the virgin birth and immersion. These references, needless in themselves, were unfortunately received with hisses by some thoughtless members of the audience. This inconsiderate and petulant action did more to advertise the address and to lower the tone of the Convention than any other episode during the entire series of sessions. It is an unhappy fact that people's capacity for irritation is in inverse proportion to the strength of their religious convictions. Men who are profoundly convinced of the great realities of our religion are not easily swayed into petulance when these convictions are attacked. It is the child who loses his temper, and the man who has not yet ceased to be a child.

The meetings of the acting Boards of the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies were held on Monday afternoon. The reports of the Foreign Board were enthusiastically received, and plans were made to send F. M. Rains and wife on a visitation of the mission churches in the Orient. The meeting of the acting Board of the American Christian Missionary Society was less significant. The reports of the auxiliary boards, Church Extension, Ministerial Relief, and the Board of Temperance were more effective and inspiring than those of the mother society. The Centennial year has not marked the growth in the work of the Home Board that should have been expected and was hoped for. But perhaps for this fact there are sufficient causes.

The President of the American Christian Missionary Society for next year is Peter Ainslie of Baltimore, a most worthy choice. The retiring Secretaries of the Society, W. J. Wright and G. B. Ranshaw, are succeeded by I. N. McCash of Berkeley, California, and Grant K. Lewis of Long Beach, California. The Society has gone a long distance to secure its secretaries for the next administrative period, but it has found admirable men and may look forward to satisfactory progress in its work. No other changes of importance were made at the Convention. The committee on publication society, from which much had been expected, presented a colorless report without recommendations.

An interesting incident of the Convention was the launching of the Oregon, the boat which is to be used by Dr. Dye and his colleagues on the Congo. This event took place at the docks on the late afternoon of Wednesday and was witnessed by a large section of the Convention. Funds were raised to assist in paying for the vessel. This is the first time in our history that such an event has occurred; but it may well be regarded as the precursor of many similar events.

The most notable single item on the Convention program was the great communion service on Sunday afternoon. The weather, which had been cloudy and cold throughout the week, was for a few hours almost ideal. The service was held on Forbes Field, the Pittsburg baseball grounds, close to the Carnegie Hall and opposite the Hotel Schenley. The splendid grandstands and bleachers, built of steel and cement, accommodated in all nearly 30,000 people. With the exception of the east bleachers the sittings were completely occupied. The service was simple and impressive. Small leaflets containing the entire program were in the hands of all. The tables were spread in the center of the field and along the front of the three galleries of the grandstands. Administrators at each of these tables were assisted by deacons and all were controlled by signals from the center table on the field below. The entire service lasted less than an hour and was confined entirely to the printed program. It was simple, solemn, impressive. Probably no company of people so numerous has gathered for the sole purpose of celebrating the Lord's Supper in the entire history of the Christian church. It will be a blessed memory for all those who were present on this notable occasion.

The Sunday services were among the most important features of the Convention. It had been the understanding of the committee that none of those who had a place on the regular program should be

asked to speak at the Sunday service, but the local committee found itself compelled to depart somewhat from this arrangement. Most of the churches of Pittsburg and vicinity opened their pulpits freely and cordially to the Disciples, and, so far as information could be conveyed by the local press, the churches of all the denominations were well attended by the visiting Disciples. In addition, there were regular Convention sermons morning and evening in several of the Convention halls. The reports from these services were highly satisfactory. The privileges afforded this great company of visiting Disciples by the preaching, together with the impressive communion service of the afternoon, did much to compensate for any of the inconveniences and disappointments of the early portion of the Convention.

Most of the colleges had banquets on Friday evening. They were all of them notable for large attendance and enthusiastic spirits. College singing was the feature of the hour, and the toasts related to the welfare and hopes of the different institutions. The Bethany banquet numbered 780 attendants, and through the generous offer of Mr. Long a fine beginning was made toward the enlargement of the endowment.

The two great meetings of the Brotherhood of the Disciples of Christ, held in Luna Park on Tuesday afternoon and evening, were splendid indications of the enthusiasm which may be generated in the great body of our men by proper leaders. Inspiring music was rendered by Mr. Long's band, and the audience of men that filled the spacious hall to its limits listened with attention to the earnest and urgent addresses which pointed out the present opportunities for men's work in the church and the ways in which that work could be made most effective. The brotherhood idea has come to stay. Other religious bodies have taught us how to use it; and under the leadership of Mr. Long as President and P. C. Macfarlane as Secretary, we may well expect to see great things accomplished.

After all, the most interesting features of a Convention of this character are in connection with the social intercourse of the convention halls and hotel lobbies. This is where sentiments are freely expressed. Men are naturally conservative in their public utterances, but they talk freely when in the intimacy of private conversation. It is manifest that the legalism and traditionalism of the Disciples is giving way to a more just and adequate conception of the gospel. The forces that have bound us to narrow and bigoted views of truth are losing their hold on our people. The men and women who made up this Convention came nearer to representing the great average of our membership than any convention held in recent years, perhaps in all our history. And conversations with all classes of convention visitors revealed an expectancy of better conditions, a weariness of strife and controversy, and an enjoyment of the noblest elements of Christianity, that promise immense growth toward better things in the future. Our second century will be marked by elements which have been held in repression during the last period of our first century. The right to think frankly and fearlessly, the privilege of co-operation with all who follow the leadership of Jesus, the appreciation of literature that is clean, high minded, generous and Christ-like, all found expression in the daily conversations of the lobbies and corridors as well as in many of the best addresses of the Convention.

This personal element in our conventions is one of the most rewarding of their experiences. The privilege of meeting the men and women whom one has known in other years, or of whom one has heard with the desire to know them in more personal ways, is a privilege realized only in these great gatherings. At Pittsburg one was certain that all his friends were there if he could only chance to find them. This, of course, was not easy, considering the great numbers of those who were in attendance. But the disappointment at the inability or the delay of meeting some particular friends was more than compensated by the numbers of those who, in the meantime, one was sure to find.

## The Return of Missionary Influence

Almost every variety of motive has been emphasized in the great work of world evangelization. It has been pointed out that this ministry was the object of gospel preaching, for Jesus distinctly swept the horizon with his glance when he gave the disciples their commission. We have been told of the world's need of the gospel, of the degraded conditions which prevail in the lands of heathenism, of the joy of missionary service, of the new heroism that comes with the call of the cross, and of the reflex influences which come back to bless the home churches.

All of these are impressive motives to missionary work, and not less so is the consciousness that we shall never know all the wonders of our holy faith until it has produced its legitimate types of charac-

ter among the dwellers in the Antipodes. We know what our American, English, French, and German types of Christianity are. We know the magnificent personalities which the gospel has produced in these lands. But we do not know as yet what a typical Christian, fully cultured and inheriting Christian traditions, will be in India, China or Japan. Only time and the diligent prosecution of the gracious work of missions can reveal these things.

But there is still another angle from which the work of missions becomes not only important but imperative. There is such an involvement of all men in the fortunes of each other that no one can remain in a dwarfed and ignorant state without its influence upon all the rest. A part of the human race is today living in some measure of Christian light and intelligence. But how small a part as yet! As long as vast sections of the race still remain in superstition, ignorance and squalor, so long must these same conditions appear with more or less insistence even in that western and supposedly Christian civilization which is the boast of our century. How much of our own immature and unwholesome condition, as it reveals itself in the slums of great cities, and the ignorance and vice of whole classes of our people, is attributable directly to the world's tardy and backward attainment of healthful, moral and spiritual estate.

Dr. Jowett, a foremost English preacher, who has recently visited our own country with inspiring messages, speaks wholesome and stimulating words on this theme. He says:

"So long as China's hordes are stagnant we ourselves will remain immature! So long as the cannibal tribes of tropical islands drowse on in their animalism we ourselves will not be fully awake! So long as anywhere in broad England any man is mentally or morally dwarfed, every other man will be hindered from gaining his appointed stature! No man will walk at his full height so long as any man remains a pigmy! One moral cripple affects the pace of the race! And therefore if a man 'goes wrong,' if he becomes morally filthy, whether in slum or suburb, there is no isolation-hospital in which his nefarious influence can be safely confined. Prison-walls may isolate bodies, they cannot destroy the nerve communications of the race. We are every man and woman the poorer for every man and woman in gaol today."

Thus the motives for missionary work gather one upon another. The longer we work at the tremendous task the more important and far reaching it seems. All questions as to method and practicability fade away into nothingness in the face of the meaning that missions have in our modern life. The race simply cannot become healthful and happy until the work of missions is accomplished.

## The Pledge of Good Fortune

I promise to treat myself as an individual; to seek the good fortune of strength and beauty and accomplishment and goodness; to place human considerations before material considerations; to decline all profit gained at the expense of men and women and children; to work only for human wealth.

I promise to treat others as individuals; to help them in their quest of personal good fortune; to put no obstacles in their way; to remove all obstacles that I can; to treat their efforts after perfection seriously and sympathetically; to avoid personal ridicule and disparagement; to cultivate a universal comradeship.

I promise to further social welfare; to promote the idea that prosperity consists essentially in persons and only incidentally in things; to be true to this faith in public and in private, in work and in play; to help, so far as I can, the freedom of noninterference and opportunity; to seek in all social intercourse the seriousness and beauty of a high purpose.—C. Hanford Henderson, in *The Children of Good Fortune*.

No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. And they will at last, and soon, too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering (as they think) space and time, do, in reality, conquer nothing; for space and time are, in their own essence, unconquerable, and besides did not want any conquering; they wanted using. A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and kill time; a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them.—John Ruskin.



# Thomas Campbell and the Principles He Promulgated

\*By Professor Herbert Lockwood Willett

To the superficial observer most great events appear as the issue of causes almost wholly casual and often trivial. Incidents that seem insignificant become the hinges of history. Movements pregnant with undreamed of results are started into life by episodes of the most passing character. Rehoboam, the young king of Judah, treated with discourtesy the popular request for milder government, and a breach was rent in the fabric of Israel's life so deep that the centuries never healed it, and so tragic that the nation never regained its lost prestige. A youth in a German monastery went one day in sore travail of spirit to his superior to ask for assurance and peace. He was sent to read in the chained and neglected Latin Bible, and the issue of that morning's reading was Luther's far-flung translation of the Scriptures, and the rise of the Reformation. Napoleon's guide at Waterloo nodded his head when the emperor asked the practicability of the ground that sloped down to the advancing squares of Wellington. The charge was sounded, the Old Guard flung their sabres to the sun and literally hurled themselves to their death in the treacherous embrace of the fatal ravine, and the star of Corsica and of France fell crashing to its ruin.

When Thomas Campbell, a seceder Presbyterian minister of Northern Ireland, arrived in ill-health, with scanty means, and quite alone in the New World in the spring of 1807, and upon presenting his credentials to the seceder synod in Philadelphia, found assignment to the Presbytery of Chartiers in Western Pennsylvania, it must have passed as an incident hardly worthy of two lines of record in the narrative of the sessions. Yet from that moment may be dated the series of events which issued in the "Declaration and Address," the formation of the "Washington Association," the establishment of the Brush Run church and the thousands of churches that have followed it, and the promulgation of a world-wide plea for Christian unity. But a truer reading of history forbids the superficial explanation of world-shaping events as accidents. Their moment of emergence may bear this semblance, but their causes are a part of the eternal purpose. The most momentous things that have happened on this planet have been the successive Divine visitations by which elect souls have been made the receivers, the guardians and the dispensers of new spiritual values. It is in the soul's realm that this overplus of life, these visions of the truth, these special calls to a great task, have been most mysterious and august. The prophets and saints who are the media of such disclosures are a predestinate race. Not by accident is their testimony given. An incident may bring it forth, but the divine purpose has fashioned it. Augustine did not owe his new life to the mystic words heard in the garden of Milan; Luther's message was not the product of Pilate's staircase; nor was that "sudden warmth" of heart which Wesley felt in the meeting in Aldersgate street the cause of the great Methodist awakening. It was not the visitations that made these men. It was the men rather who made the visitations. They were made for the vision as their eyes were made for light.

Even so was Thomas Campbell called of God to be the prophet of the most needed reformation of modern times. It was his keen sensitiveness to the disasters that had fallen upon the church through its division that made him quick to hear the voice of God calling him to a new and imperial task. It was the fair vision of what the church had been, might be again, and indeed ideally was, that fired his spirit with the passion of a prophet. He saw the failures of the church in the light of its eternal purpose and essential unity. In such men religion takes on the form and discerns the spiritual power which belong to their time, their own generation. It makes of them preachers to their own age, not one gone by. But it is never from their time only, never from their mere modernness, that they derive their power. What makes their message full and true is their sense not of time, but of eternity. In them God is reasserting himself. They are absolutely assured that it is not they alone who speak, but that Another is speaking through them. The "thus saith the Lord" of the Hebrew prophets was with them no figure of speech. It was the statement of a fact. St. Francis of Assisi, of which the stoutest highlanders, under the leadership of

lied himself divinely commissioned to redeem Europe from its degradation, and it was his unquenchable conviction of that call that made him the power he became. Savonarola preached in the garden of St. Mark's and in the pulpit of the Duomo the messages of whose divine source he was so profoundly convinced that more than once he broke down in sheer terror at their tremendous meaning. What kept Luther to his task against the authority of popes and without the protection of princes, was his immense sense of a call from heaven. There has never been a genuine and impressive arousal of the church to a new task without this internal driving power, this sense of divine urgency, in the heart of some great leader.

Such a man, my brethren, was Thomas Campbell. We have known him all too little. In the rush and stress of the early days men made little record of events and utterances. The grief of mind with which he had pondered on the distracted and broken condition of the churches issued in earnest but fruitless efforts in behalf of harmony. Then to him, as the one man of his age who had the clearness of vision to see the city of God in its rare and undivided beauty, came the call to be the messenger of the Spirit in arousing the consciences of men to the sin of disunion and the love of brotherhood. Pen and voice joined in the task. He gave himself with unrestrained ardor to his mission. With keen sympathy for the affections that bound his fellow Christians to ancient and venerable symbols, he none the less made effort to turn their thoughts from human to divine leadership, from instruments of organization to ideals of service, from denominational possessions to universal responsibilities. While he thus moved, prophet-like and with persuasive voice among the people, he met all the opposition of tradition, the cynicism of skepticism and the indifference of content. But there were some whose hearts the Lord had touched. If at first it seemed that all had joined the conspiracy of disdain, he learned ere long that there were some who would not bow the knee to Baal, and were ready to take up the defense of the new truth. Of these the boldest was of his own household. With pride and satisfaction he watched his son maturing his courage and mastering his weapons. Nor was he alone. Others soon rallied to the same standard, and where the father had spoken with gentle and persuading voice, the son and his companions went out like champions to the fray. Soon the noise of battle arose, and before the long campaign was ended and the right of the new message to the attention of the church had been vindicated, the man who had first seen the vision and had first spoken the word had fallen into silence. In the splendor of those later achievements his greatness was almost forgotten. A few utterances from his pen found their way into the Christian Baptist, and the earlier volumes of the Millennial Harbinger. A short tribute to his memory, distressing in its brevity, was prepared by his son at the time of his death. A few surviving memories of this Father of the Disciples of this generation have been content to link the name of Thomas Campbell with that of his son by way of compliment, and almost as an afterthought. My brethren, we have not known him as we should.

The story of Mr. Campbell's career cannot be told in the brief compass of this address. Nor is it necessary, for in your hands you have an admirable statement regarding the fathers, prepared by one who has entered deeply into their spirit,\*\* and in recent days much has come from the press, though not yet enough, in interpretation of their lives and ministries.\*\*\* As one calls up the name of Thomas Campbell the few yet significant facts of his work which have survived to us come rapidly to mind. The Scotch blood of the Clan the dukes of Argyle had boasted for generations; the emigration of one of these families to the north of Ireland in the eighteenth cen-

\*\*Thomas and Alexander Campbell, by Archibald McLean, Official Program of the Convention, pp. 17-46.

\*\*\*Centennial Addresses, by W. L. Hayden, Indianapolis; The Story of a Century, by J. H. Garrison, Christian Publishing Co.; Alexander Campbell and Christian Liberty, by James Egbert, Christian Publishing Co.; The Disciples of Christ, by Errett Gates, The Baker & Taylor Co.; Documents Relating to Christian Union, by Chas. A. Young, Christian Century Co.

\*Address delivered at the Centennial Convention of the Disciples of Christ, at Pittsburg, Pa., Saturday, October 16, 1909.



tury; the birth of the three boys, Thomas, Archibald and Enos, in County Down, the oldest being born in 1763; the deeply religious character of the family, connected as it was with the established Church of England; the preference of Thomas for worship of the Presbyterian order, his deep and searching religious experience, and his dedication of himself to the Presbyterian ministry; his educational discipline as student in a military academy near Newry, as a teacher in the central part of Ireland, again as a student at the University of Glasgow and the theological school of the Seceders at Whithburn; his marriage to Jane Corneige, the daughter of a French Huguenot, in 1787; the pastorate of the Seceder church at Ahorey in County Armagh, and the effort to augment the slender resources of the household by the conduct of an academy at Rich Hill; the gradual breaking of his health under the double burden; the lonely journey to the new world in 1807 in search of strength, and perhaps a new opportunity; his assignment by the Seceder synod in Philadelphia to Western Pennsylvania; the distress of spirit through which he passed by reason of the bitter sectisms that were working the division and decline of the Presbyterian churches of the region; the efforts at union made by him, and the ecclesiastical censures that followed; the publication of his great appeal for unity, "The Declaration and Address,"—which everybody reveres, and, alas, nobody reads—and the beginnings of that life-long career in behalf of the great principle of which he thus became the new discoverer and the advocate—these are the facts which need only fresh recalling as the significant items in a long and most notable career.

Thomas Campbell did not originate the idea of Christian unity. Every new departure, however radical and startling, carries with it something of the past. Luther and Calvin can only be understood in the light of the pre-Reformation theology. As Protestantism marched from the house of bondage it plentifully plundered the Egyptians on the way. Methodism began in Anglicanism, and the Salvation Army in turn is the child of Methodism. Earlier voices had pleaded for the restoration of the lost unity of Christians. The Roman Catholic church, confronted by the courageous efforts of Waldo, Wicklif, John Hus and Jerome of Prague to find purer doctrine, had applied the enginery of persecution, torture and martyrdom in the effort to crush out dissent and restore unity. The reformers, once free from the tyranny of Rome, trembling at the breach they had made in the walls of Christendom, and at the growing disunion among themselves, tried various devices of conference, compromise and co-operation in order to repair the evil of division. Romanists and Protestants were both deeply concerned as they saw the separative results of recent events, and in some instances, as the correspondence of Leibnitz and Bossuet proves, made earnest attempts to come to agreement. Richard Baxter of Kidderminster lamented the broken and weakened condition of the church, and organized leagues of Christian union in different parts of England, the object being to bear witness to this principle, and give it visible demonstration. Milton's dream of a simpler faith and a united church was not read till twenty years after his death, but it profoundly moved the souls of some at least who mourned over the fragmentary and ineffective nature of the Christian forces of their day. These and other influences, both in Europe and America, had prepared the way for Thomas Campbell's work. Of some of them he was aware; of others unconscious, but of all he was the heir and the interpreter. The man of prophetic type, who most truly speaks the message of God for his generation, is not necessarily he who studies the course of former times and carefully calculates the direction which religious thought will take; nor he who carefully balances the tendencies of his own day and chooses the line of least resistance and of greatest promise. Rather is he the possessor of a soul sensitive to the needs of the hour, conscious of the unspoken longings of the church of God for nobler ideals, smitten with the sense of failure in the present activities of his brethren, even while they are most jubilant over a shallow success. In a word he is the man who, because of his truer vision, discerns the way in which Almighty God is moving, and tries to get things out of his way. And such a man was Thomas Campbell.

He was not an intellectual or religious genius, rising to eminence independent of the dower of the past or the gifts of his environment. His inheritance was favorable. Generations of stout and fearless Scotch ancestors had poured their blood into his veins. He was the child of that philosophical movement which, with its rejection of Cartesianism, its appeal to fact, and its theory of knowledge as the direct result of sense perception is most closely associated with the name of John Lock. Not less formative in his method of thinking was the influence of that modification of Calvinism brought from Holland, and widely diffused through Scotland after the secession, and known as the Covenant Theology, with its insistence upon a progressive revelation, marked by successive covenants, of which

the Jewish and Christian Scriptures were the record. Nor must one forget the more immediate and profound effects of such "independent" preaching as that of the reformers Glas, Sandeman, Walker, Hill and the Haldanes, the latter of whom, with their appeal to the Bible as the sole authority in belief and conduct and their ringing protests against the divided estate of the church, had created a widespread sentiment of reform in Scotland and Northern Ireland. The effects of all these influences are clearly discerned in the character and utterances of Thomas Campbell, as well as in those of his illustrious son. Many other men of that age were the children of just such forces, but on no one else did they exert the impressive influence visible in Thomas Campbell's career. He was the one man of his generation, the native soil of whose spirit, enriched by these Providential gifts of sun and shower, was capable of developing that tree of unity whose seed was of the divine planting. Dante affirmed that the truly great man is he who sees the divine vision for his generation and tells it to the world. Such a man was Thomas Campbell.

We might easily gratify both our sense of delayed appreciation of the fathers of this movement, and our denominational pride by fulsome eulogy on this Centennial day. It would be a genial, perhaps it is an expected, service to enumerate their virtues, which were conspicuous, and obscure their faults, of which they doubtless had some small store. Perhaps it is the work of the eulogist which is expected from those who review these records today. If, however, this becomes the controlling note, we shall both miss the deeper readings of their history, and shall go away to presently forget what manner of word they spoke. If this centennial hour brings us ought of abiding value, it must be found in the frank and honest study of the careers which brought us into life, and of equally searching self criticism in the light of the ideals those men cherished and proclaimed. This is a severer and a more humbling task. But if it can find adequate performance it will leave us with a truer appreciation of the fathers and a juster sense of our own strength and weakness.

As the story of Thomas Campbell's life is pieced out from the scanty materials that fall to us, simple candor compels the confession that he was not a great man in the sense of much that the world calls greatness. Though dowered with an excellent intellectual equipment for the times, he was not one to be described as widely read. Though always effective in public speech, he had few of the graces and none of the arts of the orator. Though unwearied in his devotion to the cause he loved, he had little of that fiery zeal which has made the strength of many of the reformers. In intellectual power he was not so resourceful as his son. In public address he was not so eloquent as Walter Scott. In the ardor of his service he was not so notable for tireless energy of effort as Barton Stone. They were competent for tasks at which he would have failed. And yet not one of them, nor any of the illustrious men who stood with them or followed them has approached him in commanding and prophetic personality, and the supreme sense of infinite values. Great reformers they were, men of majestic gifts and compelling influence. He was the one man who as a prophet of God saw the vision of God's purpose for his generation, and with unquenchable faith and boundless patience set himself to its interpretation. Without the assistance of these men Thomas Campbell's message could not have been effectively voiced to the world. Without his vision of the will of God for the age and the word which that vision compelled, these other men would have gone unnoted to the end of the day.

He was a rare compound of the noblest virtues of the Christian life, the simple and beautiful virtues of which Protestantism has too frequently been forgetful. He was modest with a humility that asked not great things for self, but only for God. When censured by his Presbyterian brethren, he accepted reproof rather than be the cause of strife. Like Milton, "he traveled on life's common way in simple lowliness," and evermore "his soul the humblest duties on itself did lay." In personal piety he lived on lofty and serene levels. The Word of God was to him a daily study and an unfailing delight. Prayer was no formal utterance, but a precious experience of communion with God. His home was a place of devotion. There the altar fire never died down, and his children went forth into the world safeguarded by these sheltering ministries as by walls of fire. His convictions were correspondingly deep. The Word of God, carefully studied, truly interpreted and finding its climax and final meaning in the Person of Jesus, was to him "the sovereign law of decision in religion and in the conduct of life." To the end he held the profoundest evangelical convictions concerning the Bible and the Christian doctrine. His courage was equal to the steadfastness of his faith. No Scotch covenanter, face to face with royal persecution, could have been more fearless and unflinching in defense of his beliefs, especially where he felt that important biblical truth was

at stake. Yet his whole career was marked by an exquisite courtesy which was the astonishment of those who knew him and an example which has not always marked the conduct of the men who revere his name. He believed that all who made the effort, however ineffective, to follow after the Lord he loved, were his brethren and entitled to the name of Christian. From the beginning to the close of his work he fully recognized the Christian character and estate of all who accepted Jesus as their Lord and made a sincere effort to conform to his will. Toward all of every name who professed the Christian faith he felt the close relationship of a fellow believer. He saw in them the likeness of Christ, however obscured. He would have affirmed of them as the monk Ambrosius said of Arthur's knights:

"For good ye are, and bad, and like to coins,  
Some true, some light, but every one of you,  
Stamped with the image of the King."

The harsh and mordant criticisms that have sometimes characterized our speech regarding our brethren of other churches could no more have fallen from Thomas Campbell's lips or defiled his pen than a nettle could root itself upon a glacier. His attitude was ever kindly, considerate and appreciative. The sin of division, so patent in the Christian life of his time, never blinded his eyes to the virtues, whose emphasis and cultivation in all was the surest road to harmony and union.

"The Principles he promulgated," so reads the theme. And yet it obscures the one element in the work of Thomas Campbell on which most emphasis ought to be laid. He held firmly to many truths; he promulgated but one principle. He accepted the great evangelic verities of his age and every age. To him God was a living reality, a divine presence, the Father of Spirits, the inspirer and hearer of prayer. This faith he shared with all the saints of all the years. The Savior was the perfect God-man, who for us men and our salvation had taken up the cross and by his atoning ministry and death had opened to us the gates of life. In him alone was life, and that life was the light of men. He had come that they might have life and have it abundantly. His was the pre-eminent name, not was there salvation in any other. Loyalty to that Master on whose head were the crowns of celestial sovereignty was a privilege so royal and a duty so supreme that it was difficult to find adequate speech for the great theme. In this loyalty he rejoiced to hold fellowship with all of evangelical faith. He counted this the precious and unquestioned confession of all the children of God. The Bible was the inspired record of God's chief redemptive relations with men, and since it contained all needful truth regarding the divine education of the race for immortality, its statements might well be taken as final. Therefore the motto was devised, "Where the Bible speaks, we speak, and where the Bible is silent we are silent." But stated more accurately, this motto applied rather to the New Testament than to the entire Bible, and in the teaching of Mr. Campbell it virtually stood for the person and message of the Christ. The list of truths held by him as fundamental and proclaimed by him as sacredly implicit in his utterances might be greatly lengthened. But of this there is no need. He accepted the primal truths of our holy faith as they have been held by all true believers everywhere and in all generations.

However, when one turns to ask what was the essence of his message, the answer must be given in clear and emphatic form. Mr. Campbell did not concern himself with a variety of interests. "Principles" is not a word that defines his statements. He held to one principle and one alone—the union of God's people. To that one theme he devoted his life; he lived for nothing else. No really first-rank interpreter of God has ever had more than one commanding truth to proclaim. It was so of all the prophets. It was so of Christ. Men of the second rank can concern themselves with various ideas. The great prophets know but one. Thomas Campbell shared the fundamental convictions of his age and ours on the essentials of the faith. But the one principle which absorbed him and claimed his life was the truth that the church is ideally one, and ought to realize that unity in actual and visible experience. To him this was the most outstanding and impressive fact in all the range of the church's life. Others might devote themselves to different tasks. But as for himself, and all who were minded to stand with him, this was the supreme need and duty. He was keenly sensitive to this crying necessity of the time. It haunted his soul like a prophetic burden. The waste places of Jerusalem, where the debris of sectarian strife lay scattered and obstructive, filled him with as profound a sorrow as Nehemiah felt in his night circuit of the city. With that same restorer he might have cried "Why should I not mourn when the city of my fathers lieth desolate and its gates are burned with fire." His hope and passion was the restoration of its

undivided glory. The beauty of that vision allured him. The music of the reunited church already filled his soul. Though as yet a choir invisible, its anthem floated to him as if a door in heaven were left ajar, and cherubim were singing. To the realization of this hope he devoted all his energies through the lengthening years of his life.

Nothing is more pathetic than the surprise and keen disappointment with which the skepticism and indifference of the churches on this theme filled him. When at last it became evident to him that the very sentiment of union from which he had expected so much was issuing in the formation of a new body of believers, he felt the deepest regret and trembled with apprehension for the future. And when he looked on the rapid growth of the movement and saw it pass from his shepherding to the care of his strong and masterful son, he watched it with mingled sentiments of joy and anxiety, for how promising and yet how capable of evil that future might prove. Charlemagne had watched with hope and yet fear the Norman ships ride into the harbor of Paris. Even so did Thomas Campbell see the advocates of Christian unity growing numerous, aggressive, self-conscious and militant, for he understood how easily a lofty and divinely given mission may be construed into the platform of a new and needless sect.

When one looks back upon the life and labors of this great and humble-hearted man, and then contemplates the complex of forces called into being by his message and the efforts of his followers—forces some of which have carried farther than he dared to hope in the realization of his great ideal; and have had no small effect upon American Christianity in preparing the way for the ultimate union of the churches; and some of which, though marshalled under watchwords of his devising have been among the hindering causes of continued disunion, one feels like paraphrasing the cry of Wordsworth in the words, "Campbell, thou shouldst be living at this hour. The world hath need of thee." And that cry, that finds echo in so many choice and elect souls in this mighty current of purpose and effort, must assure us that he is here, not only in that mystic sense in which the rare spirits who have entered into life watch from their high thrones the progress of their life-work in the world, but in that more potent sense in which the ideals of one great leader become the ruling motives of succeeding hosts. Thomas Campbell lives today, and out of the dust and confusion that has too often obscured his prophetic vision and exalted purpose in the days since he was here, there emerges with ever greater radiance to the discerning eye the figure of the real explorer into the untrodden regions of Christian unity, the real discoverer of the way back to the land of heart's desire, the true interpreter of the Savior's prayer and the apostle's plea.

He is here today, looking on with solemn and yet confident gaze. Perhaps this is not the way he would have chosen to realize the great purpose. If he watched with deep interest not unmingled with anxiety the rapid growth of that company which first rallied to his call, a company that soon found fresh commandship under different leaders, changing watchwords, other minds, we may be sure that there have been times in our history when he might well question whether its primal purpose had not been lost. The first clear emphasis upon Christian unity soon gave place, necessarily perhaps, to the attempt to restore primitive Christianity, and this in turn was defined in such various ways as to lead to instant and continued controversy. One after another matters of minor import, with which he never had stopped to concern himself, usurped attention, till the one principle of unity was in danger of total eclipse. With what disquietude of spirit must he have beheld the fierce animosities generated by vituperative and insulting words hurled at those antagonists whom he would have made his friends. With what astonishment and alarm would he have seen a considerable company of those who rally to his name content to forget the purpose of his call, and settle into the more congenial task of building a denomination, with all the machinery which the denominations have devised. With what pained wonder would he have looked upon the spectacle of his followers sneering in self-righteous exclusiveness at Christians worthier and more Christ-like than they who had not learned as yet to forget the fine heritage of denominational history. With what depression of soul would he have seen swaggering boastfulness of numbers and of power usurp the place of humble-minded service and single-hearted witness to the principle. He knew, as we are slowly learning, that numbers do not spell efficiency; that even a small company of convinced and consecrated men and women, passionate and eager to bear their high testimony concerning the imperious need of unity, is more effective than thousands of passionless and uninformed adherents, passive, unaware and content to pronounce shibboleths of union while disdainful of the simplest efforts to realize unity. The lesson of Gideon's band is still worth pondering.



But Thomas Campbell's testimony has not been lost upon the unreturning wind. He looks upon us today as no frustrate and dismantled ghost. Greater and more impressive grows the company of those who believe in the instant practicability of all efforts for unity, and are working at the task. If the men who followed him felt themselves in the heat of battle compelled to raise other issues than the one he had voiced, and to coin other watchwords than those he had employed, he knew in the greatness of his faith that the time would come for fresh and vital emphasis upon the primal truth he spoke. If in the campaign that had to be waged against a confident and entrenched sectarianism a later band of warriors found it necessary to carry lesser ramparts before the central citadel of disunion could be taken, he was content to abide the issue of the ultimate rally and the final charge. The men who followed him saw that much must be done before the church would even listen to the one principle of unity. They set themselves to immediate tasks, not always in the spirit of their first leader, nor with his ideals always clearly in mind. Sometimes they even fell into the subtle error of accepting the central truth as the slogan of a sect, the platform of a party, rather than a testimony to the truth. But these errors pass as the purposes of our work and the figures of our first leader and his Master and ours are more clearly seen. A century of history is recorded, how wonderful in its achievements, how heartening in its enthusiasm, how humbling in its mistakes, how incisive in its lessons. A new century dawns. The issue is clearer than ever. The company of

choice and consecrated spirits grows. The voices of many not of our communion join with ours in the Savior's prayer. It is time to finish the work. No theory of union is ours, but a notable and compelling task. No tarrying for councils, conventions and compromises is necessary, but instant effort. The sentiments of disunion are still strong, but every man may build upon the walls of the city of God opposite his own house. There is work for the humblest and the greatest. No voice should be silent. In the true church there can be no dumb tongues. Every hearer is a herald. Our obligation to all the essential truths of our holy religion is not less majestic than in the past. Our companionship with the people of God in every missionary and philanthropic ministry is as necessary as ever. But above all things else, devotion to the one principle of unity among all Christians is the duty of the hour. To forget this is to miss the very ground and vindication of our separate existence. For this Thomas Campbell pleaded, and a Greater than he. For this he still pleads, and still more urgent is the voice of the Lord. With clear and ringing testimony on this theme we could realize the object of our hopes and prayers in a single generation. And the passionate desire that this shall be is the proof that we shall accomplish it. *Sursum corda*. Lift up your hearts, my brethren. Gird up your loins and light your lamps. Through the shadow of the years we sweep into a broader day. The time of the church's unity and salvation draws near. The night is far spent and the day is at hand. "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

## The Calling of Dan Mathews

Reviewed by Alva W. Taylor

Harold Bell Wright's new story, *The Calling of Dan Mathews*, is in the printing of the second edition of 100,000 copies at the end of the first month after being issued. It has been the first seller in New York and among the first six in other places. It bids fair to be one of the big successes, if not the biggest of the season. And it is a church story. True it is not a conventional church story. It is inevitable that it should arouse some criticism and a great deal of ignoring among the conventional church defenders—those who think that because the church is good there should be no criticism of any of its ways, as if the very fact of its goodness should not make its defenders the more desirous of criticising and remedying its errors. On the other hand it will receive, perhaps, a caricatured praise from those who are ever alert to pick the flaws in the church and to obscure her virtues with an undue stress of her faults. They will be so glad to use the criticisms that they will obscure the real religion and love of truth the book exalts.

The story is full of that subtle picture of natural life which creates "atmosphere." The frank and sincere young preacher; the blunt, truth loving, big-hearted old doctor; the guileless, earnest nurse, a veritable little sister of the poor; the cheery Irish mother and her grateful, crippled Denny; the hard working young physician, lost in his task for surcease of pain and fighting bravely on with such tools as church and country environs furnished for his task; all these furnish the protagonist for the tale and work out the problem of sincere human effort for right and truth in the little city of Corinth.

On the other side as the antagonists are the "Ally," that subtle spirit of every community that peers into the lives of men with a wicked leer, that distorts motives and insinuates its slimy but invisible and noiseless presence into the most sacred places and scoffs and sneers and feeds the antisocial in men with its horrible pabulum of gossip; and there is the old conventions of church life, the traditions, the pious elder who "sells the poor for a pair of shoes" (not a common factor in modern church life, however); the truly good elder, so far as his lights lead, but the man who takes himself too seriously and believes that whatever is (in church) is right; the mercilessness of womankind and all humankind in visiting the sins of the father upon a poor defenceless girl; all these play through the pages and furnish the elements of the conflict.

Young Dan has been raised in the Ozarks, amid nature, and in a home that despised all that was artificial. He is healthy in body, mind, and soul. He determines on the ministry as the calling opening most opportunities for a life of service. In the seminary he studies the past and is tied to its traditions and theological formularies and graduates to accept a call to Corinth, where his natural abilities give him large audiences and great promise. In

his own heart, however, he finds his theology is not answering the human questionings around him. He is too sincere to parley and goes straight to the heart of the matter by using that which helps men in their present conditions. This brings the antagonism of the "watchdogs of the faith," the reports of his deviations "from the faith once delivered" spread suspicion among his brethren in the ministry far and wide and he receives cold courtesy from them. He fights like a hero for his convictions and is worsted, the ally fighting with sinuous power by craftily turning the gossips into the green fields of Dan's love for the nurse, who has long ago left the church for her work of mercy.

The story thrills one and is full of wholesome sayings and live philosophizing and dramatic scenes. It has but one vulnerable point and that is in its conclusion. It may well be debated whether Dan would have failed or not. A few decades ago he might have failed but today he ought to have won. He appealed powerfully to the best instincts of his community and while the antagonism of the legalists in the church would have brought battle it is more than probable that such a man, with such a program, and under just such circumstances, would have won. The final word of the book is even more open to a difference of opinion. That Dan should desert the church is a criticisable conclusion of the matter. Of course he does not desert religion. He goes to find the more wholesome things of religion. But is the desertion of the battle field for the pursuits of industrial life justifiable to one enlists in the task of the world's service? Are we to conclude that the author thinks the church hopeless or that he is simply using the dramatic privilege to create his tale? The latter seems the more probable and from the standpoint of art may be justified. From the standpoint of militant Christianity it could be wished that the even more dramatic sequence of victory in Corinth had been the hero's part, or at least that he had found a place to pit his soul against the enemy with that host that are devoting their lives to the task of uplifting men.

The book is significant as a religious sign of the times. Its merits as a story will create a demand for it, but its interest as a problem novel in the things of present day Christianity make its wide sale significant. The press receives it with loud praise. It expresses a feeling that is broadcast in the minds of multitudes regarding the traditions that hang about the neck of the church like a millstone. Whether true or false the feeling that it is true is there and Dan Mathews' experiences confirm the feeling and speaks the mind of a multitude. Again, it is, after all, a wholesome sign of the times that so wide and powerful a demand is made on the church to "make good" at the human task of "doing good." The religion of Jesus has plowed much soil and in it the Church of Christ must plant the fruitful seed.



# The Turkish Revolution of 1909 as Observed

## By a Resident of Jerusalem

By Edward A. Henry

It is hardly worth our while in this study to review the history of the events in the Turkish Empire from April 13 to April 27, 1909, as it is well known to all readers of this paper how on April 13 the First Army Corps in Constantinople, at the instigation of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, revolted from its "Young Turk" officers and became the defender of a reactionary ministry and how after only two short weeks the conquering Third Army Corps under the "Young Turks," by the decree of the old Sheik-ul-Islam, deposed Abdul Hamid, the craftiest monarch who ever wielded a sceptre, and seated upon his throne his really simple minded brother, Mohammed V.

### When the Trouble Was Brewing.

Jerusalem has no papers, except one in Arabic, so it is chiefly by rumor and secondarily by Reuter telegrams which come by irregular mail from Port Said that news reaches the residents. For some weeks a spirit of unrest had been felt by everyone. Reports of changes in the cabinet, of the dismissal of the old palace guard, etc., had warned all that something in the way of trouble was brewing. Yet it was considerable of a shock that news reached our ears on the evening of Tuesday, April 13, that the 'Young Turks' had been deposed from power and the old regime seemed to have been restored. Other sensations followed rapidly during the next few days. Damascus was in a state of military rule. The great clerical party of the Omayyad Mosque threatened to stir the Moslem natives to an uprising. The attitude of the great garrison of 12,000 men toward its 'Young Turk' officers was unknown. Its revolt at any moment would not have been surprising. Nablous, that town which in times of peace is always dangerously fanatical, was in a ferment. Hebron, the most fanatical town in all Palestine was in a very ugly mood. So dangerous did travel become that the American Consul at Jerusalem joined the other diplomatic officers in sending out notice to all tourists that they must not go near Damascus or Hebron and they were advised not to travel through the country at all without military escort. A responsible native, fearing fanaticism, positively refused to venture out with me on a short ride to the southwest of the city.

### A Nerve Racking Situation.

The situation at Jerusalem was most nerve racking. One day news arrived that the Nablous natives were marching on Jerusalem. The next day it was Hebron which was to begin the assault. Then came word that the Bedouins east of the Jordan were gathering for an attack on Jerusalem. So one wild rumor followed another in rapid succession. Many people left the city to stay in Egypt until the trouble should be over. Some of Jerusalem's oldest foreign residents assured the writer that the situation looked the darkest they had ever seen it. The one bright spot in the outlook was that the large Jerusalem garrison remained true to its leaders. Each evening they paraded the streets heavily armed in order to assure the residents that they were numerous, well-armed, and faithful. Even moderately heavy field pieces were paraded about the city.

On Friday night a secret meeting of the 'Young Turk' leaders was held and on Satur-

day noon a big mass meeting was gathered in the public park. Several thousand people came to hear the 'Young Turk' addresses. One young Moslem climbed a tree at one edge of the crowd and began to harangue the crowd to the effect that it ought to arise and massacre all the Jews and Christians. This youngster was speedily dragged from his perch by a 'Young Turk' officer and sent home with a warning that he should utter no more words of that sort. The result of the mass meeting was that a telegram was sent to the Sultan warning him that if he, in any way, set aside any of the provisions of the new constitution, Palestine would at once secede from the empire and set up its own government.

### "Isolate Foreign Residents."

Another disquieting factor was the news that Governor-general of Jerusalem had received a telegram reading, "Isolate the foreign residents and use what power you have to protect them." To the Occidental mind that message may not appear disquieting, but every one of us knew that it really meant, "Extend no protection to native Christians and so encourage their massacre and when blood begins to flow your own soldiers will take care of the foreigners in the same way." The news of the horrible massacres at Adana and Mersina helped to increase the fear arising from this telegram, for no one doubted that those massacres were due to similar telegrams. Fortunately Jerusalem's garrison was so loyal to the 'Young Turks' that the governor dared not attempt to carry out the order.

News of the progress of the 'Young Turk' army toward Constantinople reached us daily and at last on the 27th, late in the afternoon, came word that Abdul Hamid had been de-throned and his brother Mohammed V. enthroned. The formal announcement was made by the Governor to a crowd before his house. Great was the rejoicing and the feeling of relief. The garrison band played jubilantly as it marched about town. Every one was shouting and yelling with joy. Revolvers were fired from all parts of town, as in the Orient this is a favorite method of expressing great joy. The pandemonium lasted until about eleven o'clock.

Wednesday, the 28th of April, was a great holiday. The banks and most of the bazaars were closed all day. In accordance with an old custom huge piles of bread were placed in the city gates and all the poor were fed. Most of the buildings in the city were hung with green vines, lanterns, and flags. As night came the park became a blaze of light, since every tree was hung with lanterns. A brilliant light was placed on top of the Tower of David. Red and green fires were burning everywhere. The streets were simply packed until it was like a "Carnival Night" during some big street fair. Clearly the people did not mourn the passing of Abdul Hamid and all cheered long and loudly for Mohammed V. whose picture hung in the Jaffa Gate and before the Citadel of Zion.

### The Coming of Peace.

Rumors of peace now began coming in from all parts of the empire and soon the massacres were over and the consular bars against free travel removed. Some two weeks later I sat on the floor of the Dome of the Rock chatting with the Sheik who has charge of the building. He has never learned any foreign tongue and so has access only to the one local paper which is distinctly 'Young Turk' in sympathy. We were almost alone. In a low voice as if he were afraid some one else across the mosque might hear, he asked, "Do you think Abdul Hamid was altogether bad, as the papers say?" "How does England feel?" "Do the foreigners all think he was bad?" "Who is this new sultan?" "Will he be like Abdul Hamid?" and many other such questions, all of which I answered as diplomatically as possible. For I knew that to a champion of a lost cause I was breaking the news of the total defeat of its leaders and the world's satisfaction at that defeat. Such is the feeling of the clerical party and the fanatical element of the Moslem world. Abdul Hamid was the champion of the prophet and the faith. He could not have been so bad as he is pictured. They mourn his passing and fear for the future of their religion under the new sultan. But the great mass of the people, in Palestine at least, have lived in constant fear of treachery and they now rejoice in the promise of a really civilized, western form of government under the new Sultan and his 'Young Turk' advisers.

## Our Church Men

An Appeal to the Man of Hard Sense

By John Ray Ewers

There are among us a lot of men who only skim the surface of things, who are satisfied with the appearance and who cannot distinguish between a bluff and the goods. I am not talking to such this morning for they will not appreciate my point.

You have heard of a man called Pinchot? He has given us a big, word, viz. **Conservation**. He saw the men of this country ripping and burning up our forests, and, being an honest man, he objected. Suddenly we awakened to the fact that we have been like destructive boys, who, having no thought of the morrow, spoil, break, ruin. We see now that we are old enough to have attained the age

of responsibility and that we must save and protect rather than waste and neglect.

Not only the forests are being wasted but coal and oil lands, birds and animal life, and human life as well. Now comes Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale, head of The National Health Commission, and sounds a clarion note for the conservation of human life, and his call is none too early. Wise men, then, in every field see the word **Conservation** written large in letters of gold.

### Conservation in the Church.

The people of the world have always been wiser than the children of light and I

suppose it will be some decades yet before some Pinchot of the spirit will arise and make himself heard concerning conservation in the church of our Holy Saviour.

Hear me, ye men of wisdom and of strength, while I lift the trumpet to my lips and herald the new day of conservation in the church of God. We have wasted spiritual life as the greedy timber fiend has wasted the forests.

#### The Desire for Bigness

It is the same motive in both. The desire for mere bigness, for sudden wealth, for show. Three-fourths of the people are unwise and cannot analyse the situation. Most people are deceived by the audacious bluff. The big Sunday-school, although it is only a mob, the church, that might better form several branches, the big meeting, oh, how we do love it, the big congregation, no matter what the results on actual life are concerned. Mere size! Yes, it is all the same—the passion to get rich quick and to make a swell appearance. But do not forget that there are those who think, and that the thinker laughs to scorn your inflated greatness. So we have the anomaly of great churches that cannot support a missionary, a mob attending a meeting but a city going to the devil, a big Sunday-school and colossal ignorance of the word of God, big lists of additions and enormous losses. What nonsense! What foolishness! What waste! We have had some good laughs at the expense of the "get-rich-quick" fiend and were it not so serious, we might indulge a good laugh here. But really it is no laughing matter. Thus to waste the precious life of boys and girls, thus to tamper with holy things, thus to puff up

self at the expense of eternal life. Oh, man of wisdom consider the motive that underlies all this! Is it the spirit of John the Baptist saying, "He must increase, but I must decrease"? Or is it rather "I must increase at any cost." How highly illuminating would it be if we might have reports to our papers of the subtractions instead of the additions. How often have we heard the true story of big evangelistic meetings, loudly reported in our papers, reflecting supposed glory upon the evangelist, and then, some months after perhaps only twenty-five out of two hundred and twenty-five can be found. Come now, do you call that sense? I say it is a "get-rich-quick" game and that is all there is to it. The time element has been left out. The people were not prepared and therefore they could not endure. Really they have been tampered with, many of them have been ruined, brought to see the emptiness of all such procedure. I believe in constant, sane evangelism that leads men to intelligently accept Jesus' way, but I do not believe in much of our modern foolishness. I like to see people stay in the church, and not to behold the present day exodus from the rear door as fast as the entrance is made at the front. Let us have some telegraphic reports of subtractions. There are several churches whose last estate is worse than the first.

Tell us what you are doing for missions. Advise as to the stand of your men upon civic righteousness, please. Inform as to what you are doing for the foreigners. Tell us about the knowledge of the Bible actually gained as shown by examinations. We do

not care how many "joined." As men of sense we want to know what of it. The standards of measurement are honest and true personal life, happy home life, clean municipal life, social helpfulness and missionary activity. I ask you to study, please, the quiet, solid churches that slowly, truly constantly are bringing in the Kingdom of God.

#### Against Exploitation

I rise to protest against the waste. I rebel at the exploitation of good people. I insist that our Sunday-schools be schools of the Bible and of ethics. I insist that we count only those who are really converted and even then that the emphasis be not so much on the counting. Bigness is not an index of anything. The big missionary offering comes nearest the mark. I am not condemning evangelists. If I could I would double the evangelistic spirit and seek to save the thousands now untouched. I find no fault with big Sunday-schools where there are big brains and hearts to guide and teach. Let us close the "exit" in our churches. Let us culture and train those we already have. Again there is wild waste in the way many of our pastorates are closed. A minister should not leave his field until another capable man has been chosen as his successor. To him he should turn over, in love, and peace, the flock he has been caring for. Again pure unselfishness would lead us to seek to have those who have left our immediate field unite with some other church and go to work. Men of the Brotherhood of Disciples, the flower of our army, to you I appeal for support in this idea of Conservation. The vineyard of our King needs wise care.

## The Book World

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY AND THE SOCIAL ORDER, is a book of unusual merit for the preacher of today, either in city or country parish. It consists of a series of twelve addresses, which were delivered last year before the students of Yale University Divinity School. The lecturers were prominent pastors who have in their own work demonstrated their fitness to speak of the special themes upon which they address the students. The lectures are therefore not a statement of theories that have never been tested by experience, but of principles that have been found to work. The subjects of the various addresses show at a glance the practical nature of the lectures. They are: "The Part and Place of the Church and the Ministry in the Realization of Democracy"; "Trade Unions: The Causes for their Existence"; "The Work and Methods of Trade Unions"; "An Exposition and Interpretation of The Trade Union Movement"; "The Opportunity of the Minister in Relation to Industrial Organization"; "The Church and The Wage-earner"; "The Opportunity and Mission of the Church Among Non-English Speaking People," by Ozora S. Davis, president of Chicago Theological Seminary; "The Ministry and the Rural Community" by A. P. Stokes, pastor Congregational Church, Amherst, Mass., "The Essentials of a Ministry to Men"; "The Minister in Association with International Movements." But these lecturers do not treat simply of practical methods of work, but gives one a vision of the relationship which the church and ministry sustain, or should sustain, to these great world movements, which are today absorbing so much of the attention of men, and which the church has done so little to direct.

The first of these lectures: "The Part and Place of the Church and the Ministry in the

Realization of Democracy," is by Charles S. MacFarland, pastor of the Congregational church in the manufacturing and cosmopolitan city of South Norfolk, Conn. This lecture alone makes the book one worth buying, and reading. Mr. MacFarland conceives his task to be to open up to his hearers, and readers, "some ways in which the minister may become a vital factor in his city, a man to be reckoned with in every great movement, a man to be consulted upon all important questions affecting the life of the people, a dominant force in making and moulding the democratic order." He does not advise the minister to place less emphasis upon work with his church, for the church must be the firm solid platform from which he speaks to the community; but he does urge a larger view of the ministry than that which sees of the church as an end in itself. He sees in this view of the ministers task an opportunity for him to regain authority and influence, not upon the old superstitious basis, of divine right but upon the basis of his immediate value of the community, and his personal influence with men. The minister is to be a specialist in community building. No preacher can read this or the other chapters of the book without feeling his pulse beat quick to the enlarging vision of the great and important task to which he is called—great if seen in its social significance, as here presented.—(Yale University Press.)

THE YOUNG MAN'S AFFAIRS, by Charles Reynolds Brown, author of "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit." This practical book is full of interest for every earnest young man. Mr. Brown's tone is not "preachy" or that of the lecturer, but that of the companion, and friend. Good common-sense and a grasp of the essentials in

life are manifest in every page. In the opening chapter, "His Main Purpose," the author says: "You will agree with me at the outset that no man is apt to arrive, unless he has a fairly distinct idea of where he is going. You can steer a ship that is moving, every part of it brought under the power of some impelling force—even if it is headed wrong it can be turned around. You can not do anything with a ship that is drifting—it simply lies in the trough of the seat, beaten and tossed. You can do almost anything with a young man who is possessed with a purpose. But it is hard to do anything with those human derelicts who are just drifting along waiting to see what will happen to them." This chapter is followed by six other talks upon "His Intimates," "His Books," "His Money," "His Recreations," "His Wife" and "His Church," each discussed with genial wit, intimate knowledge of the young man's affairs, and with a wealth of illustration that compels the attention. The questions here discussed are the great questions in every young man's life—questions which he must decide whether he will or no. Upon their decision depends his success in making a life, whatever we may say of their relation to his success in making a living. They are the great questions. Mr. Brown sees and treats them in their relation to the successful life, and speaks out of wide and rich experience. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.00 net. 166 pages.)

ENGLISH LITERATURE, by William J. Long, is a very attractive book. The print, the paper, the binding, the illustrations appeal pleasantly to the eye—a most important element in creating a proper affection for his text in the heart of the student.

There is nothing uncertain in Mr. Long's treatment of his subject. He speaks as one



having authority and from full knowledge, not only of literature, but of history. The historical summaries make much easier for the teacher the necessary connection between the life of the people and their literature. Full bibliographies for each period and a general bibliography for the entire work afford abundant material for teacher and student. The author has wisely gathered the dates into separate chronologies, easy for reference.

Mr. Long's words in his preface are true of his own book: "A text-book is not a catechism but a storehouse, in which one finds what he wants and some good things besides." The "good things besides" in this case are many; one comes upon them so often that he forgets he is reading a text-book. All in all, the work is most acceptable, and will appeal to many teachers who have not felt quite satisfied with hitherto available texts. (Ginn & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.)

**CHRISTMAS BUILDERS**, by Charles Edward Jefferson. In a beautiful parable Dr. Jefferson here presents a protest against the present day spirit which seeks to burden the Christmas holiday with a constantly increasing mass of care and commercialism; and makes a plea for a return to the old time ideals and spirit. Who can question the timeliness of this protest and plea? Christmas giving and observance has been cumbered with convention and over-preparation, until for many people the day has become one of dread. The author's thought here is refreshing. He does not simply decry the present conventional observance of Christmas; but urges that one day is too brief a time for the expression of all the Christmas spirit there is in the world, and that increasingly, this spirit must, and is finding expression in all the days of the year. His own words are: "One day is quite too short. To entertain beautiful thoughts, to kindle kind and forgiving feelings, to set the heart singing, and the spirit adoring, for all this a single day is hardly long enough. If we should think such thoughts every day for a week and a month, our minds would get accustomed to these high altitudes, and would not sink back so readily to lower and unworthy levels." It is a wholesome book, and good to read some months before Christmas. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; fifty cents net.)

**WE FOUR AND TWO MORE**, by Imogen Clark; a story for young people. "We Four" are a lively group of youngsters, who are out for a summer's vacation; and two cousins, who form a worthy addition to the circle. These six spend the summer with their grandmother and maiden aunt at a fine old country place, where there are horses and dogs and other things of interest to children. These inventive youngsters organize the S. P. O. D., which being interpreted means a Society for the Prevention of Dullness. The society is a success, and realizes its aim which is "a prank a day." The reader comes to like the children as he follows them through the summer. They are loyal, truthful, courageous, and are not afraid of deserved punishment. They learn many lessons of living and loving as the summer wears on, and when the merry party breaks up for the fall term of schooling, the reader bids them good-bye with regret. The author has succeeded in individualizing each boy and girl, so that the reader feels that he knows each one personally. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.25 net.)

**"THE MIND OF CHRIST"** is the first book of T. Calvin McClelland the writer has seen. I notice, however, that he has written two others. He is the minister of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

He is aware of his time. He knows what is doing in the intellectual world; yet he conserves all that is vital and mighty in the Christian faith. While he clearly sees that Christianity has not up to the present won the world and that there is some room for pessimism; yet he contends that it is the absolute religion. Absolute as opposed to provisional, absolute as opposed to provincial, and absolute as opposed to partial. To become thus absolute it must reflect the real mind of Christ. The author makes a four-fold test. True Christianity must have a God of Power and Pity to whom all can pray; must stress the infinite value of the individual; must be consistent with reality ("criticism is normal and is as inevitable as the sea"); and it must have "an inspiring ethical ideal."

In the light of these the book splendidly unfolds the main teachings of Jesus. The chapters on "Jesus' idea of Religion"; "Jesus' Idea of Sin"; "The Proof of Jesus' Idea of God," and "How a Man May Know the God and Father of Jesus," are especially clear and helpful. Crowell is the publisher.

**"THE GATE BEAUTIFUL"** is the latest of the long list of practical and devotional booklets by J. R. Miller. We have come to know the author as safe, sane and suggestive. He is safe in that his advice is good. He is sane in that he is not a faddist. He is suggestive in that he is happy in illustration and in his choice of practical and scriptural quotations. The present volume of brief essays or abbreviated sermons will be found helpful to most Christians. It is not heavy or deep, and yet the author does not avoid the big problems that come to the common mortal. He answers by hints. In one chapter he raises the question, How can we know? He answers by two illustrations. In a picture of Augustine and his mother, he tells us that "One is saying, 'If God would only speak to us,' and the other replies 'Perhaps he is speaking to us now and we do not hear him.'" His second answer is found in the story of Lady Aberdeen's Conversion. After much doubt as to whether Christ was real, she heard a mystic voice say, "Act as if I were, and you will find that I am." Among other subjects of interest considered are: "Called to be Saints," "What God Thinks of Us," "Misunderstood" and "No Miracle, But Power." Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are the publishers. 65c net. 8c postage.

**"PINOCCHIO,"** the adventure of a little wooden boy came to the house of the reviewer one night just after the dinner hour. With physical appetite appeased a live boy in the home seized eagerly upon the story of the wooden boy. They had a great time together that night; for in the early twilight of the next morning while still dozing, the writer was told of all the adventures of the newly made acquaintance, Pinocchio. No father with a live boy can doubt its interest. That it effectively teaches the young readers the lessons of obedience, kindness and broad humanity one can well believe after hearing the story related by a youth. It is translated from the Italian. Crowell publishes the work at \$1.00.

**"WITH CHRIST IN PALESTINE,"** by A. T. Schofield, M. D., is a book of four chapters entitled as follows: "Bethlehem, or The Birth of Christ"; "Nazareth, or The Life of Christ"; "Capernaum, or The Work of Christ." Jerusalem, or The Death of Christ." As these titles might suggest, the book consists of history, description, exposition, exhortation and dogmatics liberally mixed. The author enjoys giving texts their local settings; and also in tracing the significance and value of local scenery to Christ in his meditative hours. The book is only one of a hundred

pages. The writer would have done better if he had limited himself to a narrower scope. There are a dozen or so good illustrations. R. F. Fenno & Co. publishes the work at \$1.25.

**GO FORWARD**, by J. R. Miller, D. D., is the Author's annual gift book, and is a plea for progress, an incentive to renewed effort, which the author believes to be at the bottom of all successful living. The lesson of the little book is taken from the wanderings of the Children of Israel. Near the close of their forty years in the desert they had been drifting here and there without any fixed purpose. Many times had they compassed Mount Seir. They were constantly moving, but never making any progress. They were coming no nearer the promised land. It was a fruitless kind of journey. Then came the message, "Turn you northward, you have compassed this mountain long enough." This, says the author, is the daily message that every life should hear. "Go Forward" is a beautiful little book, with a helpful message, artistically bound, and illustrated in full color. A gift that will supply the need of many at Christmas time. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; fifty cents.)

#### FIVE GIFT BOOKS; WHAT IS WORTH-WHILE SERIES.

Five new volumes have been added this year to the popular line of ethical gift books, by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co. The five volumes added to the series this year are:

**HOMESPUN RELIGION**, by Elmer E. Higley. This consists of four five-minute talks, terse and practical, on right-living. It is the religion of every day and of the fireside. It is a booklet packed with meat.

**THE MASTER'S FRIENDSHIP**, by J. R. Miller. The author discusses here this interesting and human phase of the Master's life, as He lived as Friend to every man. The book is full of suggestion and inspiration.

**UNTIL THE EVENING**, by Arthur C. Benson. This booklet contains brief essays on the following subjects, "Prayer"; "The Mystery of Suffering"; "The Faith of Christ"; "The Mystery of Evil"; "Renewal"; "After Death"; "The Eternal Will"; "Until the Evening." The essays are filled with well chosen illustrations, making them more of quiet heart to heart talks, than of formal statements, yet they are not without seriousness of purpose.

**WHAT THEY DID WITH THEMSELVES**, by Ernest H. Abbott, a very suggestive study of the characters of the men who rejected Jesus, and encompassed his crucifixion—the sleeping disciples, Judas (the moral dullard) Peter, and Pilate. The interpretation of these characters, and the suggestions as to where these characteristics are found in present day society, is very suggestive—even striking.

**WHY GROW OLD?** by O. S. Marden. This is a book that every man and woman who has reached the age of thirty-five should read. The following words give the position taken by the writer: "Thought leads. If it is an old-thought, old age must follow. If it is a youthful thought, a perennial young life thought, a thought of usefulness and helpfulness, the body must correspond. Old age begins in the mind. The expression of old age in the body is the expression of old age ideas which have been planted in the mind. Mr. Marden does not ignore the laws of the physical, but he does here as in his other works make them subordinate to the laws of the mind." These five booklets are bound in white or leatherette. (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. 35 cents net (each). Postage 5 cents.)



# THE FINDING OF CAMILLA

By Lucie E. Jackson, author of "Feadora's Failure," "For Muriel's Sake."

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## CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

### "What Is Thy Secret?"

"Only that you need not trouble about where the money is to come from to pay for all we've had. There is plenty, grandfather, plenty. See here," and running to the box she unlocked it with trembling fingers, and taking out the purse—the sides of which bulged out in a most unseemly fashion—she emptied it of its contents on to the bed. The money rolled with a comfortable jingling sound into a heap within reach of the sick man's hand.

Pierre raised himself with an effort, and looked with startled eyes at the little pile before him. Several gold pieces were amongst it, and shillings and sixpences were more plentiful than pennies.

"Tiens, mon enfant, how camest thou by all this?" he questioned, with something very like fear in his eyes.

"Jacques and Chicot and Taras and Bebe and Jules and I all earned it, grandfather. We earned it for you."

"Mais, chérie, tell me more. Earned it? You frighten me! Earned it! Then thou must have gone out amongst people—amongst crowds to have got that much money! Ah! chérie, I tremble."

"But you needn't, grandfather, you needn't. I was quite, quite safe, for I was not all alone—although dear Jacques would have flown at anybody who had dared to touch me. Mrs. Jones has a lodger living in the room downstairs, and oh! grandfather, he has been so good and kind to me. Next to you and your sister, I think I like him best in the world. When he first knew I was going to give a performance without you, he seemed as if he didn't like it, and then he said he would go with me. Chicot drew me, and this kind lodger carried your violin, and the dogs and Taras went with me."

Pierre still looked at her with mute fear in his eyes. Suppose—oh! terrible thought—suppose her father's enemy had come across her in that crowd! Or else the Italian of whom Pierre had had such haunting dreams! He shuddered, and covered his eyes with his hand, and remained in that position so long that Camilla lost all pleasure in her earnings, in the fear of having made him angry.

"Pierre—grandfather," she whispered, taking his hand and drawing it away from his eyes, "are you angry with me? I did it only for you. If you had known," with a quiver in her voice, "how frightened I was when you fell ill directly we got here; then the landlady was cross, and the doctor came, and I looked into the purse and there was scarcely any money in it. And oh! Pierre," bursting into tears, "I didn't know what to do till it came into my mind to go out with the dogs and Taras and Chicot, and try to earn something to put into the purse. And I thought you wouldn't mind when you were sick and couldn't do it yourself, and the lodger came with me." Her tears dropped on to his hand.

"Ah! chérie, do not think I am angry with you. How could I ever be that, ma petite ange! But it's the fear—the fear of what Monsieur your father said that overcame me. Mon enfant, dry your tears. They're the first I ever made you shed, n'est-ce pas, chérie?" And Pierre looked tenderly into her face. "For your sake only, and for the sake of the promise I made to Monsieur your father, was I silent and miserable when you

told me of what you had done. But not angry, chérie, never angry. I did but tremble for you."

"But now that you know the lodger was with me and took care of me?" Camilla pleaded, with the tears still shining on her long lashes.

"Not now—not now," answered Pierre, merely for the sake of soothing her.

"And such a nice man," continued Camilla, wiping her eyes when she found she was forgiven; "so good and kind to me."

"The bon Dieu be thanked for that!" was Pierre's reply. "But, chérie, now that thou hast earned so much—ever so much more than thy Pierre did in so short a time—thou must rest content. No going again, chérie, comprenez vous?"

Camilla's face fell. "Not if the lodger goes with me?" she faltered.

"Not if a dozen lodgers went with you," said Pierre energetically. "What thou did'st thou did'st when I was ill—when I knew nothing; the bon Dieu knows that. But now that my brain is clear, I cannot give my consent. Were I to do so, chérie, how could I ever face Monsieur your father in the Land Above, and tell him that I broke my promise to him, and that I let you wander where you would'st, with no other protection than that given you by a stray lodger at a wayside inn."

The rapid energy with which he spoke scared Camilla anew. She looked tremblingly at him, and then hiding her face on the counterpane burst into fresh tears.

Her grief quieted Pierre as nothing else would have done. Laying his hand on the brown wig, he stroked it softly.

"Doucement, chérie, doucement. I have frightened you. We will talk no more about it. Tell me, then, has old Pierre taken away thy pleasure in having got all this money? That must not be. Thou hast taken a big weight off me, chérie. I had terrible dreams when I was ill about that purse. Mon Dieu, when I think of those dreams now—" the sweat broke out upon his brow at the recollection. "You were always starving, chérie—you and the troupe were famished—and I—I could only look on and let my heart bleed for you, but naught else—naught else. My hands seemed tied. And my promise to Monsieur votre pere always stared me in the face."

"But there is no need to worry now, grandfather, is there? Here are heaps and heaps of money, and it will last a long, long time, won't it?" Camilla asked wistfully.

"A long time, chérie, until Pierre is himself again, and can become the breadwinner. Ma foi, chérie," he continued cheerfully, to rouse the spirits he had been obliged so unwillingly to damp, "what would thy old Pierre have done had it not been for thee? Thou wert a brave child, and a good child to have done what thou hast."

"And the dogs, grandfather, and Taras, and Chicot," urged Camilla, the smiles now chasing each other on her face. "We all worked together."

"Then they were good, too. Did that rascal Taras behave himself?"

"Jacques made him," said Camilla with a gleeful laugh. "I don't know what I should have done without Jacques. He took so much care of me."

The poodle hearing his name crept closer to the pillow, and licked his master's cheek,

as if he meant to say, "Could you not trust her with me?"

"Thou wert faithful then, mon chien?" murmured Pierre, stroking the curly head fondly; whereat Taras, with a snarl of jealousy, leaped on to the other side of the pillow and jabbered shrilly into his ear.

Pierre laughed feebly, and on hearing the laugh Camilla's reviving spirits gave another spurt up.

"And the lodger, chérie, what is he like?"

"Very nice, and oh! so kind, Pierre. One day he came and helped me to give you your medicine. He would have helped me to nurse you quite, but the doctor wouldn't have it."

"Know you his name?"

"No. Mrs. Jones only calls him 'Sir.'"

Pierre lay quiet for awhile. Fortunately for him, no disturbing thought connected with this lodger troubled him. Then Camilla, seeing him close his eyes, gathered up the money, and locked it carefully away.

As she ran downstairs and into the garden toward Chicot's stable, she met Mr. Densham standing by the gate with an open telegram in his hand. He came towards her with a perplexed expression, and then quietly helped her to give Chicot his evening meal.

That over, he said abruptly—

"I am obliged to leave this place early tomorrow morning on business, and I probably shall not return for a day or two. Will you promise me to give up having any performances until I come back?"

Camilla looked up with a drooping face. "I have just been promising grandfather that I'll never give another until he is able to come with me."

Mr. Densham's face cleared, and his voice sounded relieved, as he said—

"That is well. I feel now that I can go with an easy mind."

"I ought to feel very safe with so many protectors," said Camilla, with a demure little smile. And at that instant Jacques put his head in at the stable door, and, sidling up to her, cast his usual questioning glance at Roger Densham.

"And here is another to swell the number," said Mr. Densham lightly. "Well, two days at furthest I shall be here again."

The next morning he started, and Camilla went to the gate to see him off and wave him a last good-bye.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### Mr. Bartoletti at "The Robin's Nest."

It was the morning after Mr. Densham's departure. Mrs. Jones was smiling her hardest, and Mr. Jones, as he dusted the pint bottles of beer and replaced them on the shelf in the bar, stole quiet glances at the new customer, who was complimenting the landlady of "The Robin's Nest" on her excellent ale.

"No such ale have I tasted before in England," he was saying in a musical voice, while his dark face lighted up with a smile meant to be insinuating.

Mrs. Jones was pleased. No one, not even her gentleman lodger, had so praised the quality of the bar-room tap. She began to think the customer had not nearly so unpleasant a countenance as she had first thought.

"And what an abode of bliss," he continued looking through the window at what seemed indeed to be a peaceful country scene. "Just the sort of place I should delight to lux-

urate in for a time. I suppose you do sometimes take a lodger?"

"Indeed," returned Mrs. Jones much elated, "we have three at present."

"More, if you count the animals," put in Mr. Jones with a sly laugh.

"What! has this quiet spot been found out already?"

"I have a gentleman lodger on the first floor," said the landlady proudly; "and higher up there is an old—" Here she stammered and paused, then went on, with rather a heightened colour—"There is a man with his little grandchild."

"You astonish me! And where have they all come from?"

"I don't know. The old—man is a strolling showman." And Mrs. Jones turned abruptly away to wipe some beer stains off the table, an uncomfortable feeling telling her that the less she talked about the strolling showman the better, for the memory of that false beard and wig had suddenly occurred to her.

"Then, of course, these animals that you speak of belong to the old man," said the customer, turning his head to address the landlord, of whom he had taken but scant notice before.

"Yes, and a fine trained lot they be," answered Mr. Jones, with emphasis. "As handsome a goat as you will see in a day's march, the finest-bred poodle on this side the water, two other dogs and a monk—" Here he stopped abruptly, catching sight for the first time of some pantomimic gestures from his wife, who stood behind the stranger.

Just then a bottle of medicine was handed in through the window by a small boy.

"For your lodger upstairs," he said, and was off in a trice.

"Rather trying to have a sick inmate," said the stranger in his blandest tone.

But Mrs. Jones did not reply. She was staring at the address on the sealed bottle in her hand.

"How vexing!" she exclaimed. "Here's that lad left the wrong mixture. This is not for here at all. It's written, 'H. Cleveland, Esq., Manor House.' Now what's to be done?"

At that moment a voice along the passage called, "Mrs. Jones, has my grandfather's medicine come yet?" And Camilla came into the bar.

"It's come and it's not come," was Mrs. Jones' reply, given in a vexed tone. "The boy brings a bottle, and is off like a streak of lightning, and then I find it's for the wrong house."

"Oh! what shall we do?" asked Camilla in dismay.

"If it weren't that Jones was bound to go in the other direction in less than five minutes from now, I'd have said he could go to Dr. Morgan's but he can't and that's plain. And if only Mr. Densham had been at home now—" she whisked a beer bottle off the table, and placed it on a shelf with the others.

The stranger, who was no other than Mr. Bartoletti, came forward. "Can I be of any assistance?" he asked softly. "My time is of no account. I heard you mention Mr. Densham's name. I know him—slightly," he paused, and looked at the three faces before him, his eye resting on the child's face last, and lingering there.

"Indeed, sir," said Mrs. Jones, with a new warmth in her tones, "any friend of Mr. Densham's is welcome at 'The Robin's Nest.' He is that good to this child. But he went to London yesterday, worse luck, and won't come back till tomorrow. Had he been here, he'd have walked off this very minute to fetch the proper medicine."

Mr. Bartoletti's mouth grew dry; his lips twitched. "And why should not Mr. Densham's friend do it instead?" The words

were forced out somehow, and the Italian felt a strange quiver go through him as he spoke.

Some intuition told him that this grey-eyed child with the delicate face was no other than Camilla Falconer, and but for her his niece Anita would in time come in for the grand heritage of Rosslyn Towers and the thousands that went with it.

"Indeed, and you are kind! What do you say to that?" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, turning to Camilla, with nothing in her face to show that she had been hinting at such a proposal. "You are a lucky little gel to have such kind gentlemen willing to help you out of your troubles."

"But"—the dryness of Mr. Bartoletti's mouth was increasing, and he had to moisten his lips from the glass of ale before him, as he went on—"but as I don't know my way to the doctor's, and this little girl probably does, I should like her to come with me. I have a gig at the gate."

Yes, Camilla knew where Dr. Morgan lived, his house having been pointed out to her by Mr. Densham on their way to Charnford, but she shrank from accompanying this stranger. There was something about him that made the child fear him. The landlady saw her evident reluctance, and knew it must be overcome if the right medicine was to be brought.

"Just the thing," she said briskly. "You've been a bit mokey since Mr. Densham left. A drive in a nice carriage will do you a sight of good. Thank you, sir, she'll go with you with pleasure."

"I must first ask grandfather's permission," burst in Camilla; and breaking away from the group, she rushed upstairs with a great hope that Pierre would be awake and veto such a proposal with vehemence.

But no, the Frenchman was fast asleep, and nothing on earth would have persuaded Camilla to awaken him. So, with a reluctant step, she returned to the bar, and stood gazing with a pair of half-frightened eyes at Mr. Bartoletti.

"Grandfather's asleep," she said mechanically.

"Then I hope you didn't wake him," said Mrs. Jones tartly. It angered her to see the child's indifference to a pleasant drive with this kind-hearted gentleman. "Come now, away and get your hat. You can't keep the gentleman waiting, seein' as he's so kind as to offer his services to you. Many a little gel would jump at such a chance. And remember, your grandfather can't have his medicine until it's brought him. I desay it'll make him ill not to have it, and it'll be time in another hour."

That decided it. Camilla was willing to go through fire and water for Pierre, if need be, and surely a short drive with this rather unpleasant-looking stranger was not nearly so bad as all that.

Soberly she went and fetched her hat, and as she reached the last stair a cold wet nose was thrust into her down-dropped hand. It was Jacques. His loving eyes looked into hers. "Where you go, my little friend, I go also," he all but said. "My master has put you into my care, and I will not fail him."

So together they went into the garden, where at the gate Mr. and Mrs. Jones stood, and the Italian was seated in the gig with the reins in his hand.

"That's right, said the landlady, "never refuse a good offer. She'll enjoy it somethin' amazin', sir, when once your started."

With this, the reluctant Camilla was hoisted up alongside Mr. Bartoletti, with the bottle of medicine held tight in her hand. The next minute Jacques had sprung up beside her.

With an impatient movement Mr. Bartoletti checked the starting horse.

"Remove the dog," he said harshly. "I won't take the dog."

"He'll not leave me," said Camilla, some impulse prompting her to throw her arms round Jacques and cling desperately to him.

"Lor, sir," put in Mr. Jones, who had gone round to hold the horse's head, "at dog'll taste blood afore he'll let little missie go without him."

There was a decidedly ugly frown on Mr. Bartoletti's face. He was feeling almost beside himself with vague wonderings, evil thoughts, criminal ideas. The blood was coursing wildly through his veins; the hand that held the reins shook visibly.

What he was going to do, he did not know as yet. He was certainly not going to drive wery to Dr. Morgan's to fetch a bottle of medicine for a strolling old showman, as these poor innocent rustics thought, and the dog was an unlooked-for quantity. He did not want him, but no more did he want the dog to taste blood, for it would undoubtedly be Mr. Bartoletti's blood, if he made any attempt to eject this savage creature from his gig.

He hated dogs at all times. He— But at that moment Mr. Jones let go the horse, and away he started. Camilla gave a hasty look back at "The Robin's Nest," and then they whirled round the corner.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### Jacques Shows His Teeth.

The gig sped rapidly along, and Mr. Bartoletti's brain was in a whirl of thought. He never glanced once at the child by his side, who sat as motionless as a statue, with one arm clasped tightly round Jacques. Only as they came within a stone's throw of Dr. Morgan's house did Camilla's lips unclose.

"We have come to the doctor's," she said, in a distinct tone of relief. "It is this big white house."

But for answer Mr. Bartoletti gave the horse a slight touch with the whip, and the gig swept by the house like a flash of lightning.

Camilla turned a pale scared face towards him. "Why have you passed it?" she questioned in a trembling voice.

The Italian made no answer. It was very probable he did not hear her, for he was wondering what on earth he was going to do with her. Without any previously arranged plan, he found that he had possessed himself of this child and what if, after all, she turned out to be other than the one he sought.

His thoughts flew back to the description Guy Falconer had given of his little cousin, as seen on board *The Fair Nancy*. What had the lad said then of the child? Fragile-looking and reared, with pensive gray eyes, and curly golden hair. This child's hair was brown—nothing of the gold sparkled there. But the rest of the description tallied well.

Yet stay. What if the Frenchman had disguised the child?

With a jerk that pulled the horse violently back, he stopped the gig, and demanded of the child her name.

Too terrified to refuse, Camilla gave it.

"Take off your hat," was the next demand, the sharp tones sounding strangely jubilant.

With trembling fingers the child loosened the elastic, and, removing the hat, disclosed the wealth of brown hair beneath.

With an unceremonious hand, the Italian swept the brown locks aside, and, before Camilla could realize what he was doing, the wig was off her head and in his hand. With a mocking laugh of triumph he held it at arm's length, and Camilla gave a cry of terror and despair as she jumped up to seize it from him.

(Continued on page 23.)





### The Young to the Old

You who are old,  
And have fought the fight,  
And have won or lost or left the field,  
Weigh us not down  
With fears of the world, as we run!  
With the wisdom that is too right,  
The warning to which we cannot yield—  
The shadow that follows the sun  
Follows forever—  
And with all that desire must leave undone,  
Though as a god it endeavor,  
Weigh, weigh us not down!

But gird our hope to believe  
That all that is done  
Is done by dream and daring—  
Bid us dream on!  
The earth was not born  
Or Heaven built of bawaring—  
Yield us the dawn!  
You dreamt your hour—and dared, but we  
Would dream till all you despaired of be.  
Would dare, till the world,  
Won to a new wayfaring.

—Cale Young Rice in the June American Magazine.

Not one holy day, but seven;  
Worshipping, not at the call of a bell, but at  
the call of my soul;  
Singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the  
rhythm in my heart;  
Loving because I must;  
Giving because I cannot keep;  
Doing for the joy of it.

—Muriel Strode.

### What Grandma Threw

There was a game of ball in progress in the back yard. Grandma, busy with her basket of darning, smiled as she watched the three town boys from the window. She was not the only one who watched them, however. Out in the road were three or four poorly dressed boys who, attracted by the shouting and laughing in the yard usually so quiet, were looking through the fence. "Town kids," muttered one to another, beginning to dislike the ball players at once, though they could not have told why except that the newcomers were better dressed and seemed to be having a good time, in which those outside the fence were not sharing. Presently one of them called his comment aloud: "Dudes!"

"Ragbag!" promptly responded Guy.

"Such playing!" sneered the boys outside.

"If you don't like it, you needn't watch it. Clear out!" shouted the boys inside.

Back and forth over the fence the sharp words flew, and of course it was only a few minutes before an occasional stick or stone was flying, also. Then, by an unlucky toss, the ball went over, and that ended the game, for the boys refused to give it up.

"Oh, no, we won't throw it back, sonny! You don't know how to play with it anyhow, so 'tain't no use to you," they answered mockingly to all demands for its return. "You didn't have to throw it over, and we don't have to throw it back."

Angry, and fearful of losing their ball altogether, the young visitors hurried into the house with the story of their wrongs.

"They're spoiling all our fun, and we can't drive them away; and now they've got the ball."

"And you can't make them go away and let you alone?" asked grandma.

"No'm. We talked to 'em and threw things at 'em, and everything."

"Well, well! Maybe you didn't throw anything that hit them in the right place," said grandma severely. "I won't have them tormenting you in any such way. I'll throw something that will send them off in a hurry."

She marched into the pantry, and the boys looked at each other with much surprise mingling with satisfaction. They wanted the intruders driven off, but the idea of sweet-faced grandma throwing stones. Or had she gone for bricks or hot water? She hurried out of the door, and they followed her, but they could not distinctly see what missile she sent over the fence. "Don't say anything to them. Wait and see what they'll do," she said to the wondering boys on the step.

But after a few minutes of silence they could not resist the temptation to tiptoe over the grass and peep through into the road. There sat the enemy around a torn paper sack, eating some of grandma's delicious doughnuts!

"Hump!" said Charlie.

"Here's your ball," said a rather subdued voice outside, and the treasure dropped at Charlie's feet. "We didn't mean to keep it anyway. We was only foolin'. We're goin' fishin'."

"They've gone, haven't they?" inquired grandma as the three boys came back to the house. "You can nearly always make people peaceable by throwing at them, if only you throw the right things."

The boys laughed, though they looked a little ashamed; for often afterwards, when there was danger of getting into a quarrel, one of the others would say warningly: "Better throw a doughnut."—Round Table.

### The Pink China Plate

Mrs. Herrick had been cleaning her silver. Her little daughter Nell was skipping around the table, occasionally stopping to make faces that looked very funny in the polished sides of the sugar-bowl.

"I'm so glad they're cleaned," Mrs. Herrick said, as she put the spoons in the spoon-holder, and set them upon the sideboard.

But, alas! as she turned away her sleeve caught on a spoon, over went the spoonholder with a crash, and there was a big nick in the side of a delicate pink china plate that had been in range of the falling spoons.

"I'm very sorry, but I suppose you will be glad to have another dish for your playhouse, Nell?" she said, as she picked up the pieces.

"That is just beautiful," Nell said, enthusiastically, forgetting to be sorry for her mamma's loss; and after admiring it for a few minutes she ran into the front room to give the signal to Bell Hastings to come over. Bell lived just across the street, and when anything unusual happened at Nell's house, Nell put a paper in the front window in the parlor, which meant that she wanted Bell to come over as soon as possible. When anything unusual happened at Bell's house,

Bell put a paper in the window for Nell to come over. Bell came right over, for she happened to be looking over at Nell's house when Nell put the paper in the window.

Nell's playhouse was in the shed. In one corner was the play table, which was made of a board propped up on two big sticks of wood. On this table were a good many odds and ends of broken dishes, and the pink plate was placed in the center of the table.

After Nell and Bell had admired the plate enthusiastically, Nell said, "Let's give a high tea. Mamma will let me have some of those crisp little ginger snaps and some little crackers, and we can have water for coffee, and we can have a tea almost like real ladies. You know they don't have much to eat, but the ladies are all dressed up and eat with their gloves on, and are very stylish and polite. I've got some old kid gloves of mamma's that she gave me to play with, and we can be very polite, and it will be almost like a real tea."

"Did you ever go to a real high tea yourself?" asked Bell.

"No, but I've heard about them, so I know what we ought to do pretty well," Nell replied.

Then Nell and Bell had a lovely time decorating the table with flowers and paper napkins, and arranging the crackers and ginger snaps on the pink plate.

"Now we must put the chairs round the table," Bell said, when the table was in readiness.

"Oh, no! that would spoil it all; you have to stand up to eat at a high tea, or you won't be in style," Nell said in a superior way.

Then they put on their hats and the kid gloves and tied some ribbons around their necks, and went to the table. They were nibbling their ginger snaps in a very dainty way, when one end of the table slipped off the stick on which it was rested, and down went the flowers, ginger snaps, crackers, dishes and all.

"I do believe that lovely pink plate is broken in a thousand pieces," Nell said, ruefully.

"How did you happen to tip it over?" Bell asked, sympathizingly.

"Me tip it over? I didn't. I wasn't so near to it as you were."

"Well, I didn't do it," Bell replied.

Nell must have forgotten that she was at a high tea, and therefore should be very polite, for she said, "Why, Bell Hastings, you must have, for I'm sure I didn't."

"Well, I know I didn't do it, and I don't think you're very polite to your company to tell them they tipped the table over. I'll go home this minute, and I'll stay there, too."

"Well, I should think you'd better, if you can't go anywhere without breaking all the dishes anybody has got in the house," was the spirited reply.

Mamma heard loud voices and looking out of the window saw Bell walking out of the yard, holding her head very high. In a few minutes Nell came in with some very red cheeks.

"Bell didn't stay very long, did she?" mamma inquired, gently.



"Long enough," was the uncompromising reply.

"I hope you didn't have any trouble with her?" queried mamma.

"She broke that pink plate you gave me this morning, and then tried to make out I did it. I should think that was enough to make any one have trouble," said Nell.

"How did it happen?" asked mamma.

"Why, we were having a high tea, and were standing at the table eating, and she pushed the table over."

"Are you sure you didn't help do it?"

"I'm very sure Bell did it."

"Of course, Bell didn't intend to do it, and I hope you didn't treat her impolitely."

"Well, she tried to make out I did it, and I didn't think much of that."

"Are you sure you didn't help push the table over?" mamma asked again. "It would be more generous for you to be willing to bear a part of the blame, at least."

"I wasn't much to blame, anyway," Nell replied, with less assurance.

"Of course, you can't go over to Bell's to play until you have asked her pardon for treating her as you did this morning. I should be very sorry to treat a guest impolitely because they happened to break a broken plate," mamma said, impressively.

"That plate was pretty, and I don't want to go over there very soon," Nell said, shutting her lips closely.

But that very afternoon Nell did want to go over to see Bell very much when she saw her out in the yard under the trees playing with her dolls. After watching Bell for about half an hour, she said, hesitatingly, to mamma:

"I suppose I might go over and ask Bell to excuse me for not being polite this morning?"

"I would," mamma said, encouragingly.

When Nell came home she looked very happy. "Wasn't it funny, mamma," she asked, "when I asked Bell to excuse me, and told her I guessed I was some to blame for breaking the plate, she said she thought she was to blame, too? So we concluded one was to blame as much as the other."—Ex.

## An Employer's Standard

The following nine rules, says Herbert Kaufman in the Chicago Record-Herald, were printed on a card and given to each one of his employes by a very successful employer of labor. Practically they embody the standards of all honorable employers:

"Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end, and that's the wrong end.

"Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a day's short work makes my face long.

"Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

"You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.

"Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

"Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employee who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

"It's none of my business what you do at night, but if dissipation affects what you do next day and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

"Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet for my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.

"Don't kick if I kick—if you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples."

## About People

—David E. Thompson, United States ambassador to Mexico, has secured control of the Pan-American railway, a line extending 244 miles from San Geronimo on the Tehuantepec National railway to Mariscal, on the Mexican-Guatemalan frontier. He secured \$9,600,000 worth of stock.

—Former Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks, accompanied by Mrs. Fairbanks, has left Shanghai for Manila. The Shanghai Times refers to Mr. Fairbanks's visit to China at the present time as especially helpful to American interests.

—Charles Fallen McKim, one of the world's greatest architects, died at St. James, Long Island, last week from overwork. Mr. McKim, who was sixty-two years old, was for many years president of the American Institute of Architects. He was the founder of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, which designed the recent addition to the White House, the Boston public library, the University Club of New York and many other famous buildings.

—A London correspondent says that the members of the British Cabinet would not like to dissolve Parliament, because they need their salaries. Premier Asquith is a barrister who has no practice now to fall back on; he got some money with his wife, but not enough to make him independent. Haldane is a practicing barrister who had to leave the law courts when he became minister for war and may not find them ready to take him back. Churchill has nothing but his salary except a few hundreds a year, and married a wife beautiful and charming but without a penny. Lloyd George is a man of such simple wants that he could easily go back to the small income he was earning as a solicitor when he was still a private member; but still it is a consideration to have 5,000 pounds a year out of which to make a saving of 2,000 to 3,000 pounds, and with his modest tastes and frugal and simple little Welsh wife this he can do now.

—President Taft has been of all American statesmen the greatest traveler. His traveling record for the last nine years, which will soon be boosted by some twelve thousand miles of western touring, would be astonishing in a professional globetrotter. His yearly average is more than fifteen thousand miles travelled to the music of car wheel and propeller. If he had started for the moon when he left Cincinnati for the Philippines in 1900 and kept on traveling in that direction instead of keeping to official business on terra firma he would pretty nearly have arrived at the earth's satellite. At least he would have covered 136,000 out of the 221,000 mile trip.

## Of Virtue

The flower of Virtue is the heart's content;  
And fame is Virtue's fruit that she doth bear;

And Virtue's vase is fair without and fair Within; and Virtue's mirror brooks no taint;  
And Virtue by her names is sage and saint;  
And Virtue hath a steadfast front and clear;

And Love is Virtue's constant minister;  
And Virtue's gift of gifts is pure descent.  
And Virtue dwells with Knowledge, and therein

Her cherished home of rest is real love;  
And Virtue's strength is in a suffering will;

And Virtue's work is life exempt from sin,  
With arms that aid; and in the sum hereof,  
All Virtue is to render good for ill.

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

## The Man Who Wins

The man who wins is the man who works—  
The man who toils while the next man shirks;

The man who stands in his deep distress  
With his head held high in the deadly press—  
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows  
The value of pain and the worth of woes—  
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails  
And a moral finds in his mournful wails;  
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays  
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,  
And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,  
To help some failure to rise again,  
Ah, he is the man who wins!

—Baltimore News.

## Woman's Sphere

—The late Mrs. Marian McBride of Boston was one of the best known American woman journalists. She was employed on the staff of the New York World, the Boston Post and was a frequent contributor to the leading journals, east and west. She was founder of women's press clubs in Ohio, Washington and Boston, and actively interested in many lines of charitable work.

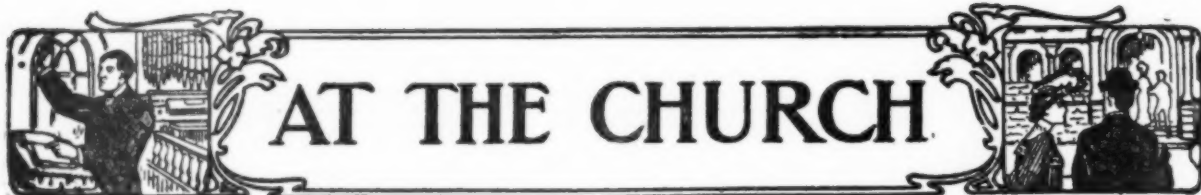
—Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst, the suffragette who has been prominent in the London campaign, is a native of Australia. She lived for many years in Sydney. Women have full suffrage there, but Mrs. Pankhurst's methods were never employed or approved by the women voters of the state of New South Wales.

—A movement has been set on foot by the General Federation of Woman's Clubs to send to England a number of young women to be educated in the colleges affiliated with Oxford and Cambridge. A fund of \$1,500 has already been raised for the needs of the first candidate, who will go this year. Applicants will have to pass a stiff examination and will be expected to give a good account of themselves while abroad. Miss Laura Drake Gill, formerly dean of Barnard College, New York, was active in originating the plan.

—Mrs. John A. Johnson, the widow of the late Governor Johnson of Minnesota, was her husband's confidant and adviser in many important political crises. She was educated in a convent and after graduation taught painting in a private school. She has little liking for society, entertaining but little, interesting herself in her husband's affairs, and caring for her family. Her chief diversion is painting, and some of her canvasses have been shown in local exhibitions.

—Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., of New York, and her husband, have signed a separation agreement. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a Roman Catholic and conscientiously opposed to divorce. She was Miss Virginia Fair of San Francisco, one of the wealthiest heiresses in the United States. She was a close friend of the Duchess of Marlborough, who was Consuelo Vanderbilt prior to her marriage.

—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has given the New York State Woman's Suffrage Association a magnificent building on Fifth avenue as headquarters. This, with the entertainments at her Newport villa, "Marble House," and an elaborate luncheon at the Plaza, to say nothing of large money contributions, would indicate the sincerity with which she has taken up the cause. It is now asked of her, at the suggestion of Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, daughter of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton, that Mrs. Belmont enter a Tammany polling booth on election day and insist upon being allowed to cast her ballot—a privilege which a woman paying thousands of dollars in taxes thinks she should not have to ask.



## Sunday School Lesson

By Professor Willett

### Among the Barbarians\*

In our study of last week's lesson we saw something of the disastrous results of that voyage on which Paul and his fellow prisoners started from Caesarea under the direction of Julius, the centurion. Their transfer had been successfully made at Myra from the ship on which they had started to one bound for Italy. Soon after leaving the coast of Asia they encountered stormy weather which drove them somewhat out of their course and forced them into the harbor of Fair Havens on the southern coast of Crete. From this place they departed to seek a better haven, if it were possible. But their departure was against the advice of Paul, whose experience had led him to doubt the safety of any journey on the Mediterranean so late in the year. But the anxiety of the captain to find a better port in which to winter, and probably the hope of the centurion that they might be able to complete the entire journey, and thus relieve him of his responsibility, prevailed and the voyage was resumed. Soon, however, they were in the throes of a tempest that beat down upon them from the cliffs of Crete and drove them far out of their course. Their present danger was very great, and before them were all the uncertainties of shipwreck by either the vicissitudes of the storm or some rocky or treacherous coast which was even more probable and might mean wreck to them all.

#### Nearing the Coast.

Two weeks of this dreadful uncertainty they passed, in which the 276 people on board the ship were in almost hourly expectation of death. They lightened the ship first of its tackling and then of its cargo, especially when, at last, they felt themselves approaching a coast, whose terrors they could only fear but could not see in the darkness. The attempt of the soldiers to save themselves by cutting away the small boat was frustrated by Paul, who was the only courageous spirit of them all. He assured them that if they followed his directions, they could all reach safety.

Meantime the ship had been beached at a point where two currents met and so stood in imminent danger of breaking up. The desire of the soldiers to kill their prisoners and thus relieve themselves of responsibility was prevented by the centurion through consideration for Paul; and, at last, all on board, by various devices and by the assistance of the floating parts of the ship, came safely to land. It was the island of Melita, or Malta, about fifty miles south of Sicily. Probably the point on which the ship struck was a bay on the northeast part of the island. Malta was a province of Rome, but its

\*International Sunday School Lesson for November 7, 1909. Paul a Prisoner—The Shipwreck, Acts 27:2-28:10. Golden Text: "The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate," Psa. 34: 22. Memory verses, 28, 9, 10.

people were deemed barbarians because they were not a Greek-speaking race, being of Phoenician origin, probably immigrants from Carthage.

#### The Viper.

But they were kindly people and received the unfortunates from the ship with such hospitality as they could command. It was the raw weather of autumn, both stormy and cold, and their first effort was to warm the almost exhausted refugees. Fires were built along the shore, and natives and voyagers shared the task of gathering fuel.

This led to an interesting experience on Paul's part. When he came with a bundle of fagots to throw on the fire, he discovered a viper on his hand. These creatures were usually poisonous. No deadly viper is now found on the island of Malta, but this does not disapprove the statement of Luke. Paul seems not to have thought much of the incident. The dangers of the immediate past had been too great to permit him any special concern for what may have seemed to him a trivial incident. He shook off the beast which perhaps by reason of the cold, was harmless. At any rate Paul suffered no evil from it. But the natives of the island who saw the thing clinging to his hand were sure that it was a providential visitation. Their idea of the wrath of the gods would make such an explanation reasonable. He was a prisoner they knew and they imagined that some great crime had brought him to his present condition. First the storm had threatened and now, that he had escaped, the divine wrath pursued him to this kind of death. But when he shook off the serpent and seemed to suffer no harm, they suddenly reversed their opinion and believed that no one less than a god could have come safely through such an experience. It was the common belief of antiquity that the viper's sting was fatal. The people thought that Paul had worked a miracle in escaping from the danger.

#### The Healing of the Sick.

As is was necessary to remain on the island until another ship could be secured, hospitality was extended to the travellers by the people of the place. Paul seems to have been selected as one of those worthy of the special kindness of the head officer of the island, who was perhaps himself a subordinate of the proconsul of Sicily. Whether the entertainment and hospitality extended by this man to the shipwrecked members of Paul's company included all, or only himself and a few others we do not know. But the occasion offered Paul an opportunity for further testimony to the gospel.

The father of Publius, the magistrate, was sick of a dangerous disease. Paul was taken, probably at his own request, to see the invalid, and there talked and prayed with him. He also laid his hand upon him and restored him to health. In this manner something of that power which Jesus had manifested so freely was displayed by his great apostle. The news soon spread, and many others afflicted

with diseases came and were cured by Paul. Perhaps also Luke was a helper of his in this good work of healing, for Luke was a physician, and when he mentions the fact of the cures wrought among the people, he adds "who also honored us with many honors." Does he mean to imply by this that the honors paid to himself and Paul were in recognition of the work of healing wrought? Apparently so, and this would imply that Luke's medical skill was actively employed in caring for the sick of the island even as Paul's healing power. The honors bestowed upon them must have included articles necessary for the voyage, such as they would need after their hard experience of the previous journey. In this way the time of their stay on the island was employed to the advantage of that faith which Paul and his followers were interested to preach throughout the world.

#### Paul's Real Purpose.

When one reads in II. Corinthians 11 the catalogue of Paul's sufferings for the sake of the gospel, it is natural to ask whether this shipwreck experience was mentioned as a part of that pathetic list of experiences. Was this the night and the day that he had been in the deep? That hardly seems possible. No doubt it was one of the three shipwrecks he had to suffer, and yet so casually are these afflictions of the apostle passed over that only by the taunts of his enemies at Corinth was he induced to open his lips regarding the severity of those afflictions which he had endured for the Master he loved. Truly he counted not his life dear unto him only so that he might finish his course with joy and the testimony which he had received of Jesus Christ.

It is probable that Paul thought less of his shipwreck experience or of the danger from the viper's bite than he did of the opportunity he had received to preach his message in a place he had not expected to visit. Three months were permitted him for this good work, and though no missionary activity is mentioned, it cannot be doubted that this was the way in which the interval was employed. And no doubt disciples were won there on the spot. There in later generations the Knights of St. John took refuge on their retreat from Palestine, and where the traveler stops today to study the massive fortifications of the English sea station and to meditate on the experiences of the apostle of Jesus Christ so strangely cast upon this land twenty centuries ago.

### The Soul's Insistence

BY FRED CLARE BALDWIN, D. D.

When they that know me here have said,  
"He's gone,"  
And harsher lips proclaim me dead,  
I shall be living on;  
When o'er my head  
Some kindly shaft perchance will tell  
Where first was seen,  
And then where sank, this outworn shell  
(Let silence have the stretch between!)

I shall be sailing on:  
Or else, to Life's wide wave  
Were there no harbor but the grave—  
No harboring hope to feed upon;  
And Love were launched to chase a myth,  
A thing for storm to wrestle with  
And glut oblivion!



## Prayer Meeting

By Silas Jones

### THE MINISTRY OF SACRED MUSIC

Topic, October 27. 1 Sam. 16:14-23; Acts 16:25; Col. 3:6; James 5:13.

Religion is more than dogma. It is an emotional attitude which the intellect is incompetent to analyze and explain fully. It is the business of the theologian to interpret religious feeling in the light of all the knowledge he can command, and as long as he does not claim finality for his conclusions men look with favor upon his work. But they become rebellious if they suspect that he is attempting to fix the limits of their experience. They demand room for the play of imagination and exalted feeling. The relation of the soul to God cannot be defined exactly. Music does not define; it soothes, it arouses, it unifies, and it purifies. It assuages grief and it increases courage. It idealizes common tasks and relations and confirms the fondest hopes of religion.

#### A Healing Ministry.

The music of David's harp refreshed the spirit of Saul and drove away the evil spirit. All the wise men in the kingdom of Israel could not with their arguments have done what David did with his harp. The distracted king would not have appreciated a sermon on forgiving love and sacrificial patriotism. Exhortations would have enraged him. David did not reason, he did not exhort; he aroused the nobler qualities of Saul and then Saul had no need that some one should discourse on the folly of jealousy and revenge. If, when ugly moods take possession of our souls, we could have some David play to us, the evil spirits of doubt and fear and anger would depart before they had a chance to lead us into disgraceful actions.

#### A Ministry of Hope.

Paul and Silas, we may believe, felt as they sang praises to God that the things hoped for belonged to the world of realities. The scars on their backs and the stocks that held their feet became less real than the love of God in Christ Jesus. Sacred song relieves the gloom of the darkest hour. It strengthens the hearts of the servants of God in the fight against the tyranny of ancient evil. The supporters of bad institu-

tions and customs fear the attacks of men who sing as they fight. Of course, singing is not a substitute for wise planning. The new era is brought in by the agony of its prophets. We may sing and forget disagreeable duty, as the drunkard drinks in order to forget it. The disciple of the Lord remembers the situation in which he finds himself. He sings that he may arouse all the powers of the soul for the work which he has planned with care.

#### A Unifying Mystery.

It is the habit of many public speakers to begin their addresses with a story or a number of stories. The skilled speaker has a very definite purpose in introducing his stories. He seeks to bring the people before him to a common way of thinking and feeling. If he can accomplish this purpose he knows that he can drive home the truth he wishes to impart. In the worship of the church music should be the unifying power. When the minister rises to speak the people ought to be ready for his message. The music of the house of God does not take them away from their daily toil and care; it enables them to find for common experience a place in the providence of God. It makes them feel that they share the common lot and brings the human and the divine together. The debates and divisions which have their origin in extreme individualism lose their bitterness and finally disappear from congregations in which the great hymns of faith are sung with the spirit and with the understanding. Debate divides; music unites.

#### A Teaching Ministry.

It is an old question whether morality and religion can be taught. Whatever may be a man's opinion on this question, he cannot doubt, if he is intelligent, that devotion to the larger interests of life is increased by the ministry of music. The relations of the home are idealized in song. Without music patriotism would be sordid and calculating selfishness. No church can live on sermons, however great. Appreciation of persons and institutions is incomplete unless men can sing of friendship and love and of the institutions in which these are fostered and protected.

come among them . . . and Christianity has brought about a highly satisfactory advance." The missionaries opened work in Hawaii in 1820 and fifty years later their work was so completely done that the American board turned the work all over to the natives. This has been described as "the miracle of the nineteenth century." The name of Geddie is always linked with the Southern Islands. He began his work in 1848. He won the Island. The inscription over his tomb in Ameityum is: "When he came to the island in 1848 there was not a single Christian; when he left it in 1872 there was not a single heathen"

But we must remember that this achievement was not made without the shedding of blood. John Williams, the most renowned of all South Sea missionaries, made Raiatea the basis of his operations. He christianized the island. From it he made his voyages like Paul to preach the gospel. He planted the work in the archipelago, where now there are 90,000 Christians. He also reached the Samoan group, which now has 32,000 Christians and is completely transformed. When he applied for appointment he wrote: "If this does not meet with your approbation, I hope, pray, and trust that you will on no account, for the sake of my soul, offer me the least bit of encouragement." He was accepted and this is his ordination charge: "Go, dear young brother, and if thy tongue cleave to the roof of thy mouth let it be with the teaching poor sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if thy arm drop from thy shoulder let to be by knocking at men's hearts to gain admission for him there." To this charge he remained true until death. One day he left on a mission tour to be gone several days. He had planned to visit some strange islands. He came to Eromanga. He and two companions left their vessel and went to land in a small boat. After they had been on land a few minutes and were separated from one another the natives sounded a war-cry, and in five minutes Mr. Williams was a dead man. The two Gordons in quick succession suffered a similar fate on the same island. But it is now Christianized.

J. C. Patterson, the most eminent personality and second bishop of the Santa Cruz group, was also murdered in Nukapu in 1872. "His was a sacrifice to the vengeance of the islanders for their shameful treatment at the hands of the whites." Space forbids to do more than mention J. G. Patton of the New Hebrides who for more than fifty years has "died daily" for that people. The Aniwa he has seen turn from paganism to Christ.

We should know these heroes of the islands. We cannot do better than to read their lives. To do so will be to add cubits to our moral statutes. Here are the names of their biographies: Younge: Life of J. C. Patterson; Prout: Memoirs of the Life of John Williams; and J. C. Patton's Autobiograph. Write any publishing company and they can furnish them for you.

### Victory in Defeat

When earth's recruited ranks one day

The heights have scaled,  
Then I who shared the glorious fray,  
And did my best,

Shall not have fought and failed;

But from the crest

Of mountain ranges far ahead—

With myriads of the listed dead,

Sceptered and crowned,

I shall be looking down;

Else Faith were breathed the soul within

To fight for life with blows of steel,

To clinch with Doubt, to conquer sin,

And then to fall—

And falling kiss Death's crushing heel—

And that were all!—Christian Advocate.

## Christian Endeavor Lesson

By W. D. Endres

### HEROES OF MISSIONS IN THE ISLANDS

Topic, October 31. Isa. 32:1-4, 16-20.

It is good for us to give our attention to the islands. We are apt to forget them because they are small. But they present to our minds the full round of human experience. The comedies and tragedies are there with every variation. In these islands are 1,700,000 people said to be a dying race, partly because of their own vices but mostly because of the travesties wrought upon them by the civilized people, chiefly from Christian countries. The whites have given them destructive diseases, provoked them to actions of vengeance and war, seized and sold them as slaves, and transported the white criminals into the natives' midst. Sensual vice, cannibalism, human sacrifice and infanticide are habits of life common to all primitive people. With such a state of affairs is it any wonder that any white man was viewed with grave suspicion and his life sought wherever possible?

Something more than 100 years ago, holy men of God took their lives in their hands

and set out to win these isolated and defenseless people for the kingdom of God. Today there are 300,000 native evangelical Christians. A considerable number of the islands have been wholly Christianized by the labors of the missionaries. Old vices have so completely given way that even travelers who are hostile to the missionary cause and who because of their vicious curiosity seek the nude and demoralizing sights say that "peace and order have visited these erstwhile savages and made them happier." Mr. Buchner says, "Yet I am convinced [although, as he says, there is no class of Europeans with which he has less sympathy than the hypocritical reverends—meaning the missionaries] that the missionaries have won for themselves great credit for what they have done for the welfare of the natives. Formerly despotism and cannibalism, mutual fear, insecurity of life and property, a state of war, all against all, lay heavily upon the population. Now in the time of Christianity peace and order have



## Church Life

A Sunday-school library is a feature of the work at the Lenox Ave. Church, New York.

Rufus A. Finnell is leading the church at Marion, Ohio, in a very successful meeting.

Geo. B. Stewart is unusually happy in his new work at Colorado Springs, Colo.

V. W. Blair, formerly of Greenfield, Ind., is enthusiastic over the prospects for the work at North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Mr. Dabney of Monesson, Pa., has been supplying at the Douglass Park Church, Chicago, recently.

Mrs. H. L. Willett is being taken to her old home in Ohio to recuperate from her recent operation.

John E. Pounds has just been called to the pastorate of the church at Hiram, Ohio, where he succeeds Lloyd Darsie, who has removed to California.

President Bates of Hiram College was prevented from attending the Centennial during the first days of its meetings on account of illness.

Dr. Errett Gates supplied the pulpit of the Hyde Park Church, Chicago, October 17, the pastor, E. S. Ames, being at the Centennial Convention.

A. W. Taylor and O. F. Jordan spoke at a Men's meeting at Harvey on a recent evening, when a branch of the Brotherhood movement was organized.

The installation services for Austin Hunter at Jackson boulevard, Chicago, were held on October 3. A number of the preachers of the city were present and spoke.

The Chicago churches are all busy taking their offerings for the city mission work this month. Several offerings from churches outside Chicago have been received. This fellowship is greatly appreciated.

The Sunday-school at Canton, Ohio, had an exhibit at the Centennial Convention. They had on exhibition pictures of their class rooms, Sunday-school classes, and samples of the printed matter used by the school.

Earl M. Todd, First Church, Fort Wayne, Indiana, preached on the following subjects Sunday, October 3: morning, Jesus and Religion; evening, "There is So Much Rubbish, So that We are Not Able to Build the Wall."

W. A. Harp, who recently resigned as pastor of the Lenox Ave. Church, New York, preached for the Fifty-sixth St. Church on the Sunday morning preceding the Centennial convention.

Charles Darsie, pastor of the church at Urichville, Ohio, spent several days in Bethany week before last leading in the rehearsal of Centennial songs. Bethany College is rich in tradition and college songs.

Dr. H. O. Breeden has accepted the call to the Central Church, Denver, with the understanding that if the climate is not congenial to Mrs. Breeden he may terminate his service for the church at once.

There is a good opening for physical director at the city Y. M. C. A., Rochester, Minn. B. H. Coonradt, pastor of the Christian Church will answer inquiries. Direct 113 W. College street, Rochester, Minn.

There were twenty additions to the church at Old Bedford, Ill., in the meeting held there, when the church had the assistance of Evangelist D. E. Hughes of Monmouth, and V. E. Ridenour as leader of song. F. M. Branick is the pastor.

Joseph L. Garvin, pastor of the First Church, Seattle, Washington, is making a place of unusual influence for himself in the Northwest. He has but recently become president of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society of Seattle.

The East End Church, Pittsburg, provided for 3,500 delegates to the convention. J. R. Ewers is enjoying the enthusiastic support of the entire membership of this great church, and every member of the church is enthusiastic over its future.

Nelson Trimble, of Kansas City, Mo., has been called to the pastorate of the Metropolitan Church, Chicago. Mr. Trimble succeeds A. T. Campbell in this work, and we give him a hearty welcome to Chicago, with its tasks and its conquests.

The Chicago Heights Church is giving a Merchants' Carnival this week in which the local merchants will make displays of their wares. The pastor will edit a daily paper, the first the town has ever had, for the week of the Carnival.

The Evanston Church now has an enrollment of twenty in their night school of shorthand and typewriting. A number of applications are on hand for enrollment and six new pupils will be accepted this week. The church has had four additions to its membership recently.

O. D. Maple recently visited his old church at Cameron, Ill., and the church so unanimously and insistently urged him to again become their pastor that he has consented to do so, and is already at work in this happy relationship. There are men of whose services churches never weary.

The Englewood Church has gone into the Church Extension business. They have made a loan to their Living Link, the Chicago Heights Church, that will enable the latter church to build this coming year. The Englewood Church mortgaged their own building to make the loan.

The Lenox Ave. Church, New York city, which has just moved into its new property, is repairing the bowling alleys, and will have them in perfect condition by the middle of October. This shows a spirit on the part of the church to meet the problems that face it in the large city. W. B. Craig has accepted a call to the pastorate of this church.

F. H. Groom, pastor of the Central Church, Tacoma, Washington, is arranging for a meeting to be held in his church some time during the winter. The emphasis in the meeting will not be placed upon the number of people who can be secured as members of the church, but upon deepening the spirit of devotion in the church.

W. R. Fullerton, Oakland City, Atlanta, Ga., in a personal letter calls attention to the recent statement made in a late number of the *Christian Century*, that Atlanta had been more prosperous since the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants. Mr. Fullerton verifies this statement and speaks words of greatest commendation of Mayor Maddox, who is a Christian man, but recently convinced of the efficiency of prohibitory laws.

The church at Sterling, Ill., sent its pastor, Ira L. Parvin, to the Centennial convention, providing him with a purse to defray all expenses. This church is moving steadily forward. There have been twenty-seven additions to the membership during the last year. All financial obligations of the church have been met promptly. A meeting will be held in December, when they will have the assistance of Allen Wilson, evangelist.

The Oak Park Church, Chicago, voted on a recent Sunday to turn over their membership roll to the Maywood Church and disband. Some of the members will unite with the

Maywood Church and others will unite with various West Side churches, some having already returned to Austin. The church failed because of a lack of the spirit of cooperation in the membership and because of the loss of members through removals from the city.

At its annual meeting, October 6, the First Church at Milwaukee, Wis., for the first time in thirteen years heard its treasurer report all bills paid and a balance in the treasury. Claire L. Waite is the pastor. It is believed that the "annual deficit" is a thing of the past. The church also voted to pay its pastor's railroad fare, round trip, to the Centennial at Pittsburg. Eight of its members are attending the Centennial.

The first meeting of the Men's Club of the Central Church, Warren, Ohio, will be held October 20. The address of the evening will be by Rev. A. W. Conner, and his subject, "The Boy Problem—It's Statement." This will mark the opening of the campaign for boys which will be undertaken by this church under the leadership of Mr. Conner. Every man is asked to bring with him to the banquet of the Men's Club, a boy from 12 to 18 years of age.

The First Church, Bloomington, Ill., Edgar D. Jones, pastor, has just closed a great year's work. At the annual meeting held October 8, splendid reports were read from all departments. For all purposes the church raised \$12,689.04 last year, of which sum \$1,452.53 was for missions. No deficits in any department and \$425.03 on hand. At the annual meeting an increase in the pastor's salary from \$2,500 to \$3,000 was unanimously given. This church also paid the expenses of its pastor to Pittsburg.

Richard Martin, of the "Martin Family," opened a meeting October 8 at McAlester, Oklahoma, and will go for November to Alva, Oklahoma, in both of which cities large meetings are looked for. Some of Evangelist Martin's recent meetings were Buffalo, 102 additions; Eureka, 112; Fall River, 150; Blackwell, 253; Fredonia, 302. His new book, "The Children of the Clergy," will be on sale in December. His home address is 3433 Pierce avenue, Chicago, Illinois, where mail will always reach him.

J. M. Rudy, Greencastle, Ind., says: "I notice that W. L. Hayden of Indianapolis has just issued in pamphlet form his Centennial Addresses. I am glad he has given these fine messages to our brotherhood in printed form. Bro. Hayden is one of our ablest men. He is young at 70. We had him deliver these addresses to our Men's Brotherhood in Greencastle. He made a deep impression upon all hearts. I wish he could be called to all parts of the country to deliver his great message. Buy these fine addresses and then read them carefully and prayerfully."

The Kirkwood Ave. Christian Church of Bloomington, Indiana, closes the Centennial year with some advance along several lines. The offerings for local work have been increased 100 per cent and the church closes with money in the treasury. The total missionary offerings have been increased 300 per cent. A permanent gain in membership has been made by additions from week to week. On a recent Wednesday night fifteen members were received into the church. Six of these were grown men, who made the confession, were baptized and received the same evening. The church sent the pastor, Joseph C. Todd, to Pittsburg.

W. J. Lhamon and Byron L. Burditt on October 4 closed a meeting in Lathrop, Mo., which in the number of additions to the church passed far beyond all former records of the town and community. There were seventy-three additions, above 66 per cent of them men and women and heads of families. The pastor, B. F. Creason, and the members

of the church had made excellent preparation for the work. The great tent was filled to the very last. Many came from neighboring churches and joined in the joy of the services. An unusual feature of the meeting was the afternoon lectures on the characteristics that make the character Christ, and on Comparative Religion. The class grew to an audience, and the work was an educational one for many in the community.

The church at Table Grove, Ill., recently entertained the Fulton County Bible-school Convention, and followed it with a rally for their own school with an attendance of 182, which was very gratifying to the workers. This church and school is flourishing in all departments. The members show disposition "to make the church a workshop for the Master." Nine delegates are enrolled for Pittsburg. At the close of the service Sunday, October 3, the congregation raised money enough to send their efficient pastor, F. S. Nichols, to the convention. This church led in the union evening services of the three Protestant churches of Table Grove during the summer months.

The last Sunday in September W. A. Fite read his resignation before the church at Fulton, Mo. Mr. Fite has been pastor of this church for three years, and will close his work there the last of December. In these three years the work of the church at Fulton has progressed well, and it was the earnest purpose of the pastor to lead the church into the task of erecting a new building. The church, however, was not disposed to undertake this at once, and their unwillingness to move forward in this respect was one of the things which made it seem best to Mr. Fite to close his work with the church. Mr. Fite leaves the church with perfect good will toward all, and the church for which he has labored so earnestly will always have a large place in his interests.

From the annual report of the First Church, Lincoln, Nebraska, where H. H. Harmon is the pastor, we take the following interesting items: Total receipts for current expenses, \$4,488.23; disbursements on current and incidental expenses, \$4,408.58; to Foreign Missions (Living-link), \$600.00; to Nebraska State Missions, \$76.00; to the Home Missionary board, \$87.09; to church extension, \$56.65; to ministerial relief, \$17.60; national and local benevolence, \$26.11; to education at Cotner University, \$54.58; total given to missions (at home), \$923.73. The C. W. B. M. auxiliary reported 160 members, 60 of these being gained during the year. The cash receipts for the year were \$400.00. The Young People's Missionary Society, with a membership of thirty-three, raised during the year \$56.10. The Y. P. S. C. E., with forty members, raised \$73.83. The average attendance of the Sunday-school was 349, with an average collection of \$11.43. In addition to the above the church raised during the year \$21,344.70 on building fund, making a total of \$30,264.82 raised.

On Sunday, September 5, at a special meeting of the Church of Christ, Belding, Ohio, called by the official board, the church by a very large majority of votes, decided to ask the present pastor, O. W. Winter, to remain with them. Many hearty words of commendation of the work done by him along different lines were spoken; especial mention being made of his work with the choir, the young men's class in the bible school, the financial work of the church and of the earnest Christian spirit shining forth in his treatment of all, whether rich or poor. After the vote was taken, Mr. Winter was sent for. The enthusiastic reception given him could not be misunderstood, and in a few appropriate words Mr. Winter accepted their hearty call. It was voted to leave all matters of

detail as to period of service, salary, etc., with the board, and by a unanimous vote, the church agreed to stand by the board in whatever action they should take. After the meeting was dismissed, the many hearty handshakes and words of approval must have testified to the pastor in no uncertain way, the general satisfaction and approval of his people.

A new church has been organized at Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

At Wilburn, Okla., a church of twenty-one members has just been organized.

The church at Bristol, Va., is looking for a minister.

C. S. Ehlers has resigned from the pastorate of the church at Ashland, Va.

The Marshall Street Church, Richmond, Va., will support H. D. Coffey as their Living-link evangelist in state work.

B. A. Abbott, of Baltimore, will hold a meeting with the Allen Avenue Church, Richmond, Va., during November.

S. C. Pierce has taken up the work as pastor of the church at North Lawrence, Ohio.

H. E. Luck, of Texas, supplemented his trip to Pittsburg by several other short journeys for social and business reasons.

The church at Gloucester, Ohio, sent its pastor, J. A. Holton, to the Centennial Convention, providing him with a purse containing more than enough to meet all expenses.

A. W. Kokkendoffer, pastor of the church at Sedalia, Mo., was given a purse of \$75.00 to defray expenses to the Centennial Convention.

After attending the Centennial Convention, G. P. Clark, pastor at Perkins, Okla., will visit for a month in New England and the eastern states.

M. G. Long, pastor of the Little Flat Rock Church, Rush county, Ill., attended the Centennial Convention by the courtesy of his church, which provided for all his expenses.

George C. Aydelotte has become pastor of the Soniat Church, New Orleans, and is highly pleased with the prospects for a successful pastorate.

The Kentucky brethren in their Centennial Convention sent greetings to the Northern Methodist Conference in session at Maysville, and to the Southern Conference at Paris.

Of Peter Ainslie's address at the Virginia State convention, on "The Growth of Our Plea in Virginia," it is said, "It was full of beauty, power and inspiration."

During the last two or three months P. A. Cave has been in Virginia holding meetings with the churches there. It is earnestly hoped by the people of the state that he may be induced to accept a Virginia pulpit.

T. A. Minyard, of Jonesboro, Ark., has accepted a call to the Maplewood Church, St. Louis, Mo. F. A. Mayhall has just closed his work with the Maplewood Church and will give his time to business interests.

The Fourth Church, St. Louis, Mo., has urged E. T. McFarland to reconsider his resignation, but he feels that the work at Rock Island, Ill., offers a wider field than he could have at the Fourth Church with its present equipment.

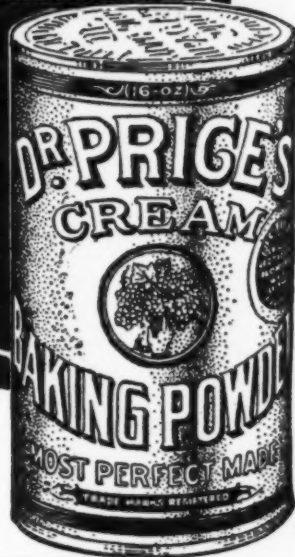
W. B. Clemmer is in a good meeting at Franklin, Ill., where L. W. Spayd is the suc-

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cessful pastor. After January 1 Mr. Clemmer would consider a call to a pastorate, but would want to be assured that the field promised a permanent and growing work.

The Sunday-school of the Seventh Street Church, Richmond, Va., had an exhibit of manual work at the recent state convention. Mr. MacLachlan, pastor of this church, is doing some very aggressive work with the Sunday-school. He will, we hope, make some contributions to our department, "Religious Education."

Mrs. Ida L. Forster, pastor of the church at Fairmont, Minn., has been granted a four months' vacation during which she will attend the Centennial and visit her parents in England. The church will continue her salary during her absence, and will themselves keep up the regular services of the church, being helped by Dr. Bedwell, one of the elders of the church at Mankato.

Under the auspices of the State and City Sunday-school unions a great Sunday-school rally was held in the Coliseum, St. Louis, Sunday afternoon, October 3. One hundred and eighty of the principal Protestant Sunday-schools of St. Louis were represented. On the platform were ministers and teachers of every denomination. The meeting was addressed by the mayor of the city and Governor Folk.

D. S. Henkel, pastor of the church at Fairmont, Va., recently held a meeting with the church at Corinth, Powhatan Co. The church had been suffering from some internal trouble, but all seemed to have been healed during the meeting. There were ten additions to the church, nine of these by baptism. The pastor, W. Perry, has done faithful work, and the church will increase his salary.

Ellis Purlee, who has been pastor of the church at Coffeyville, Kansas, resigned the last Sunday in September, and asked the church to release him as early as possible, that he might take up the work with the church at Trinidad, Colo., to which he had been called. They refused to accept his resignation and are attempting to get the Trinidad church to release Mr. Purlee, who has accomplished a great work in Coffeyville and is recognized as one of the most valuable citizens of the city.

W. F. Richardson began his sixteenth year with the First Church, Kansas City, Mo., the first Sunday in October. In a message to the members of the church Mr. Richardson urged that they stand by the "mother church," which is now a down-town church, and must face the problem of such a situation. This good pastor is anxious that the church remain where it is and minister successfully to the people in whose midst it stands, rather than retreat to the places where the conditions of living are easier, but where the work of the church is not so much needed.

From the report of the Seventh Street Church, Richmond, Va., we take the following announcement, which speaks of the great work that is being accomplished there under the leadership of H. D. MacLachlan: "The property next door to the church has been purchased, at a cost of \$27,500. Possession, however, cannot be given until a year from now, on account of a lease that was running when the purchase was made. Our Sunday-school has outgrown its quarters, and this property will furnish space for new classrooms, as well as provide needed rooms for other parts of the church work. We expect to do better work in the year ahead of us, because of the fact that we can look forward to larger opportunities for doing good when we have the added equipment.

The annual convention of the Virginia Christian Missionary Society was held with the Seventh Street Church, Richmond, September 21 to 23. There are now 27,000 Disciples in the state; they have a college property worth \$125,000, with 200 students. The

churches gave \$18,000 to organized missionary work last year. The church property of the state is worth \$550,000. The state board has during the last year organized churches at Arritts, Barbour's Creek, Bethel, Honaker, Richlands, Enon, and Perryville. Each of these churches now have regular pastoral care. The secretary reports the need of many more preachers in the state. There are at present fifty vacant pulpits. Effort is being made to group churches and get them to co-operate in the support of a minister. Dr. C. W. Kent, of Charlottesville, was elected president of the convention for the next year. The convention appointed H. D. C. MacLachlan to become one of a corps of union Sunday-school workers, to make a tour of the state in the interests of the Sunday-school work. His expenses will be met by the Sunday-school association.

The following interesting series of topics are to be discussed at the St. Louis Ministers' meeting during the next few months: Round Table, "Evangelism," E. T. McFarland, Fourth Christian Church; Address, Henry S. Caulfield, Excise Commissioner of St. Louis; "The Congregation a Unit," F. N. Calvin, Compton Heights Christian Church; "The Relation of the Church to Wealth," C. W. Webber, Wagner Place M. E. Church South; Address, "Christian Socialism," Wm. A. Ward, National Secretary Christian Socialist Fellowship; "The Unification of Our Work in St. Louis," L. W. McCreary, Hamilton Avenue Christian Church; Round Table, "Modern Biblical Criticism," Thomas A. Minyard, Maplewood Christian Church; "The Deity of Jesus," Wm. M. Jones, Hyde Park Congregational Church; "Unifying Our General Brotherhood Interests," J. M. Philpott, Union Avenue Christian Church; "Religious Experience," Wm. T. Wright, St. Louis District Superintendent, M. E. Church; "The Public Schools and Their Relation to Instruction in Religion," John S. Collins, Assistant Superintendent Public Instruction, St. Louis; "The Oneness of the Bible," Earle Willey, First Christian Church; Round Table, "New Applications of the Gospel," E. F. Harris, Clifton Heights Christian Church; "The Moral Strain in Social and Commercial Life," D. C. Garrett, St. Peter's Episcopal Church; "The Mutual Corroboration of Duties," Jas. H. Foy, Principal Patrick Henry School, St. Louis; "Our Mutual Opportunities and Responsibilities in Serving Young Men," George T. Coxhead, General Secretary St. Louis Y. M. C. A.; "Jesus and the Gospel," J. H. Garrison, Editor Christian-Evangelist; "The Pastor," R. E. Alexander, Second Christian Church; "Our Downtown Problems, and the Common Responsibility of Our Churches in Relation to Them," W. J. Williamson, Third Baptist Church; Address, Talmage De Frees, First Christian Church, East St. Louis; Paper, W. J. McKittrick, First Presbyterian Church.

### As We Go to Press

On account of our having to start the presses on the Centennial number three days early, several of these telegrams are late in getting into print.—Editors.

Muncie, Ind., Oct. 10.—A great victory is on; Clarence Mitchell leading. A schismatic stain of thirty years healed. Brother Allen and myself and both churches co-operating; state-wide rejoicing. Central Church property on sale; new location to be chosen this week. Eleven hundred dollars first three subscriptions. This victory is one of Muncie's Centennial contributions. Closing this work may prevent Mitchell and myself being at Pittsburg. Twenty additions to date.—O. M. Eaton, minister.

Kansas City, Mo.—Forty-five added yesterday Jackson Ave. Church, 316 in three weeks, three days. En route the Convention, return for closing days.—Chas. Reign Scoville.

Effingham, Ill., Oct. 10, 1909.—Closed short

series with Wellicome singing. Great enthusiasm in last days; twenty added, making a total of 160 since coming here. Owensville, Ind., in November. Bro. Ford making great preparations.—W. B. Zimmerman, evangelist, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 10.—Have just closed with Thomas Wood; second meeting in his churches near Baltimore. Thirty added, all but one for baptism. Now Pittsburg convention and then in a meeting in Waynesboro, Penna. Open for meeting in December in Central West. Write me here, 2000 N. Fulton Ave., Baltimore.—Martha S. Trimble.

Assumption, Ill., Oct. 11.—Closed here last night; one hundred sixty additions; all adults but four. Church never so strong numerically or financially. Wallace Tuttle, formerly with Union Evangelist Dow, will join me in January. January and February open.—C. R. L. Vawter.

Harper, Kansas.—We are having the largest crowds and greatest interest ever in the history of the Christian church here. Already over thirty have been added, with eighteen baptisms and two confessions last night. We have had over 1,000 additions to the various churches of Christ in this section of the Golden West in six meetings right near the great wheat belt: Leroy, 103; Butalo, 101; Eureka, 112; Fall River, 132; Blackwell, 253; Fredonia, 302. All desiring meetings for 1910 may address us at our permanent place of residence, 3433 Pierce avenue, Chicago, Ill., at any time and it will be immediately forwarded to us wherever we and Chicago, Illinois. Open dates only after January—Evangelist Richard Martin, of the "Martin Family."

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 26.—The Herbert Yeull tabernacle meetings at Twenty-seventh and Wabash are at high tide, with one hundred and thirty-one to date; twenty-eight today; building seating two thousand crowded. The gospel is being preached with unequalled fullness and power; great interest throughout the church and community. Jessie Van Camp leads in songs. Pastors from all the churches of the city are attending.—D. Y. Donaldson.

Blackwell, Okla., October 4. The meeting here continues with splendid interest and fifty added. L. A. Beard, of Bowling-Green, Ohio, has been called to the ministry at Blackwell. Made two addresses at Christian

### A BANKER'S NERVE Broken by Coffee and Restored by Postum.

A banker needs perfect control of the nerves and a clear, quick, accurate brain. A prominent banker of Chattanooga tells how he keeps himself in condition.

"Up to 17 years of age I was not allowed to drink coffee, but as soon as I got out into the world I began to use it and grew very fond of it. For some years I noticed no bad effects from its use, but in time it began to affect me unfavorably. My hands trembled, the muscles of my face twitched, my mental processes seemed slow, and in other ways my system got out of order. These conditions grew so bad at last that I had to give up coffee altogether.

"My attention having been drawn to Postum, I began its use on leaving off coffee, and it gives me pleasure to testify to its value. I find it a delicious beverage; like it just as well as I did coffee, and during the years that I have used Postum I have been free from the distressing symptoms that accompanied the use of coffee. The nervousness has entirely disappeared, and I am as steady of hand as a boy of 25, though I am more than 92 years old. I owe all this to Postum." "There's a Reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Grocers sell.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



University Enid last week. For the time. Christian University is biggest thing in brotherhood. President Zollars raised same day I was here nearly eleven thousand for endowment fund. Is in easy reach of fifty thousand; an enthusiastic and large body of students and splendid faculty. On to Centennial next, and then with C. M. Chilton at St. Joe then with E. L. Powell, Louisville.—James Small.

## The Finding of Camilla

(Continued from page 15.)

At the sound of her voice Jacques' bristles rose, and, with his fangs laid horribly bare, he sprang upon the Italian with a fierce growl of hatred.

"Call the beast off!" shrieked Mr. Bartoletti in terror, nearly dropping the reins in his fright.

"Jacques, dear Jacques, oh! Jacques, don't, don't," screamed little Camilla, in terrified accents.

Too well trained not to obey, the poodle drew back, breathing heavily, his eyes glaring red, and his upper lip drawn back, showing a whole row of fierce teeth.

Never had Camilla seen him look like this, and his attitude frightened her. She sat back again, and with a trembling arm drew him close to her, putting her other hand fondly over his burning eyes, as if to shut out from his view the stranger that so incensed him.

"Ay, blindfold the brute! He ought to be thrashed till he's dead!" exclaimed the Italian viciously, his face still ashy-colored from his terror. "What made him come with us?"

"What made you pass the doctor's house?" returned Camilla, the presence of the infuriated poodle making her brave.

"Because all that rot about the medicine was a blind, Miss Camilla Falconer, only a blind," returned Mr. Bartoletti, with a cruel maliciousness born of terror and spite. "It was you yourself that I wanted, not the medicine for your dotting old grandfather, who must be another fraud, by the way, and not the old creature he makes himself out to be. As much a fraud as this false wig of yours is. See!" and, holding it aloft, Mr. Bartoletti opened his fingers, and the light breeze taught the brown hair, and, wafting it gently upwards, bore it swiftly along, landing it on the bosom of the river.

For a minute Camilla held her breath, and then the remembrance of the Frenchman, and the anxiety he had always displayed towards the keeping of that same wig, made her burst into tears.

"Come, come," said Mr. Bartoletti, laying his hand upon her arm.

But he drew it hastily back the next minute, as Jacques' head was suddenly lowered, and his row of fangs were again shown, while his breathing came hard and fast.

"Curse the brute! I wish he were in the river instead of the wig," muttered the Italian.

For now that he had done the deed, he repented of it. Now, as she was, with the golden curls displayed to view, she might easily be recognized as the child that was being searched for. Fool that he was! He had flung away with his own hand the very disguise that he most needed now for her.

In a morose and gloomy mood he drove sullenly on, resolved to take Camilla, without loss of time, to a house kept by an old Italian of his acquaintance.

"We can reach Hamborough, and Beppo will keep her for me until I can think what to do with her. If only I could ship her off to Italy, I would be satisfied. But the risk—ah! the risk would be too great. And yet I would do much to insure for Anita her inheritance."

He turned a vindictive look at the frightened child by his side. If only she could be as easily disposed of as that wig! But at this notion he turned his head uneasily away, for Jacques seemed to read his very thoughts, and those fierce eyes of Jacques' had never for one moment left the Italian's face.

"I little knew what cargo I was shipping when that cursed brute boarded this gig," he muttered. "I'd dearly love to poison him, only that I believe he'd know it, and grip my throat before I'd brought about his death."

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### Mr. Densham Returns.

Mrs. Jones was growing impatient. For the twentieth time she had hurried out to the gate, and shading her eyes with her hand, had looked vainly up the road for a sign of the returning gig.

"It's on the stroke of twelve now," she muttered, as she came back to her kitchen.

"What can have kept them? Two hours gone! Why, with that fine steppin' horse they'd ought to have done it in ten minutes easy, there and back."

She had gone up and given Pierre his beef tea, making so very light of Camilla's absence in quest of his medicine, that the Frenchman believed the child to have gone with the good-natured lodger from below; and the landlady did not think it worth while to undeceive him, for as yet she felt no particular uneasiness at the child's continued absence.

But when another hour went by and Pierre's questions were growing rather more difficult to evade, she sent her husband straight off to Dr. Morgan's.

"Just you find out when they left his house with the medicine. It's not like that child to be away so long. The store she sets by that fiddler and his dogs beats me."

So Mr. Jones, tired out though he was, and longing for his dinner, set off at a brisk trot.

In half-an-hour he returned, and the consternation on his face was reflected on his wife's as he deposited the right medicine on the table, with the words—

"Doctor's very sorry for the mistake. Can't tell how it happened. But the little gel hasn't been near his place today."

"Not near it!"

"No, nor the gentleman in the gig neither."

"Bless and save us! Then what has become of them?" cried the astonished landlady.

"That's what's been puzzling my head all the way," returned Mr. Jones, scratching his thick mop of hair. "There's somethin' wrong somewheres, and who's to tell the fiddler?"

That was just what Mrs. Jones was thinking. If the little girl set store by the fiddler, the fiddler set greater store by the little girl.

A faint tapping on the floor of the room above told her that Pierre required some one.

"It's not like him to do that," she muttered. "He's growing uneasy about the child."

With a shrinking distast for the task before her, she went upstairs with the bottle of mixture in her hand.

Pierre was lying on the bed, a look of eagerness on his face. It died away as he saw the landlady enter alone.

"Has she not come back yet?" he asked faintly.

"Not yet. But lor' isn't it like the child to want to see a bit of the country when she's got a fine steppin' horse to carry her around to see it?"

"Not like my child," returned the Frenchman.

"She'll be back in less than half-an-hour, you take my word for it. And see here, you must drink the medicine that Jones has been and got for you, tired though he was, too, poor chap."

But for once Pierre forgot his manners, and never even thought to thank for the kindness done. His heart was filled with a sickening sense of foreboding. Camilla to be absent from him all this time, especially after what he had said to her yesterday! His face looked white and drawn as he lay back after taking the mixture.

As for Mrs. Jones, she had no wish to prolong her presence there. The Frenchman's hollow searching eyes filled her with dismay.

"Don't you worry," she said, as she prepared to take her departure. "As sure as half-an-hour's gone your little gel'll be here."

With that, she nodded and went away, and Pierre lay with a troubled sense of danger at his heart that would not be quieted.

Half-an-hour passed, and another after that, and then Pierre was out of bed and on his feet, fumbling with trembling hands for his clothes. At the same instant, there came the roll of wheels at the gate of the inn. Pierre heard it, and rested faintly against the bed, his heart beating rapidly.

The landlady also heard it, and ran breathlessly out, to be met on the threshold by Mr. Densham.

"Here I am, nearly twenty-four hours earlier than I expected to be. I have come in a carriage, Mrs. Jones, and I thought my little friend upstairs would like a drive with me."

"Lor, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "I'm that scared about the child that I've got the trembles all over me. She's been gone now gettin' on for four hours, and the old man is in a terrible takin' upstairs."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"That's more nor I can tell, sir."

And then she proceeded to relate that morning's doings, ending with—

"And me and Jones is afraid that the gentleman's run away with her."

Mr. Densham's face was a study. "What kind of a gentleman was he?" he asked.

Here Jones appeared from the bar. "An onpleasant-lookin' dark gentleman; more like a foreigner than one of our own country," he struck in.

To be continued.

### STRENGTH

#### Without Overloading the Stomach.

The business man, especially, needs food in the morning that will not overload the stomach, but give mental vigor for the day.

Much depends on the start a man gets each day, as to how he may expect to accomplish the work on hand.

He can't be alert, with a heavy, fried-meat-and-potatoes breakfast, requiring a lot of vital energy in digesting it.

A California business man tried to find some food combination that would not overload the stomach in the morning, but that would produce energy.

He writes:

"For years I was unable to find a breakfast food that had nutrition enough to sustain a business man without overloading his stomach, causing indigestion and kindred ailments.

"Being a very busy and also a very nervous man, I decided to give up breakfast altogether. But luckily I was induced to try Grape-Nuts.

"Since that morning I have been a new man; can work without tiring, my head is clear and my nerves strong and quiet.

"I find four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with one of sugar and a small quantity of cold milk, make a delicious morning meal, which invigorates me for the day's business." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## Forecast of Pastoral Work

Every faithful and wise pastor now begins to forecast his year's work and to answer the question, "What is the best thing I can do for my church and my community?"

If you will consider a week with John's great gospel and greater Revelation, let me hear from you.

Macatawa Park, Mich.

## Church Extension Report

### GIST OF TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION.

National Secretary, G. W. Muckley, of Kansas City, Mo., made the report for the Board of Church Extension. The total receipts from all sources for the year are \$197,252.24; this includes the new receipts through the Corresponding Secretary, \$71,656.19, and the money received from returned loans and interest, which amounted to \$125,596.05. There was a gain in new receipts of \$20,162.84, and a gain of 121 contributing churches. 1261 churches have been erected in 43 states.

During the year 65 churches were helped in the erection of their buildings by loans aggregating \$125,500.00. 108 churches were promised loans aggregating \$187,050.00, and these buildings are now in process of construction.

The Church Extension plan, with the Disciples of Christ, is to loan the money at four per cent, to be returned in five equal annual installments, and in this way we assist churches to erect their buildings that cannot borrow elsewhere. The Department of Returned Loans and Interest shows that the Church Extension plan of having the money returned to go out again works admirably, since, during the last 21 years 708 churches, of the 1,261 assisted, have returned their loans in full and \$922,324.19 has been returned on loans. The annuity fund now amounts to \$245,424.00, and with this fund alone 144 churches have been built. There have been 249 gifts to the annuity fund. The annuity money is loaned out at six per cent to help build churches.

Twenty-one years ago the Church Extension work was placed in the hands of the present Board by the Church Extension Committee of the American Christian Missionary Society, as directed by the Society at its annual convention at Springfield, Ill. Kansas City was made the headquarters and on November 21, 1888, \$10,662.80 was turned over to the Board by the Committee at Cincinnati, in mortgages on twelve church buildings and \$2,762.21 in cash. During these twenty-one years of service your Board has paid all expenses connected with the propagation of the Church Extension idea among our churches; has secured a permanent fund of \$757,621.39; has aided in the erection of 1,261 church buildings in forty-three states, in Canada and Hawaii by loans aggregating \$1,314,361.69, with a cash balance on hand September 30 of \$79,842.42. All this with a loss of only \$565. Your Board acknowledges the hand of God and the help of our brethren in all these years of growth.

## The Foreign Society Grows

1. The gains in receipts in five years have been \$129,367, or an annual average increase of \$25,800. The gains in ten years have been \$197,900, or an annual average increase of \$19,790.

2. The churches as churches have increased their gifts \$56,500 in the past five years, or an average annual increase of \$11,500. The increase in ten years has been \$89,300, or an average of \$8,930.

3. The Sunday-schools have about doubled their gifts in ten years.

4. Last year the amount raised on the mission fields was \$53,360. There has been an increase in the amount on the mission fields of \$18,645, in five years.

5. The medical fees last year amounted to \$12,175, or an increase in five years of \$8,094.

6. The school fees last year amounted to \$8,482, an increase in five years of \$6,054.

7. The number enrolled in our Sunday-schools on the mission fields is now 9,657, an increase of 3,315 in five years.

8. The church membership is now 11,053, an increase of 4,700 in five years.

9. Last year 131,770 patients were treated, or an increase of 92,900 in five years, or an average annual increase of 18,587.

10. The number of native evangelists and helpers now number 634, which is more than double the number five years ago, and the number has been multiplied by five in ten years. The whole number of workers is now 804, an increase of 366 in five years.

F. M. Rains,  
S. J. Corey,  
Secretaries.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

## The Athens of the Ozarks

Those who have not had a drouth this year will hardly be able to appreciate the adverse conditions under which we have worked in this section. The weather has been the hottest in the white man's history of the state; for three months we have not had a good rain. The streams are dried up and the earth is literally parched.

In the midst of this dry weather in August I held a meeting of three weeks for one of our country churches; we had twenty-four additions and nearly all confessions. I remember of preaching one evening, and at noon of the same day the mercury rose 110 degrees in the shade. Our pulpit was by the side of the road, in the shade, and the people were so hungry for the message that they came notwithstanding the heat and the dust. Hundreds came on Sunday, brought their dinners and spent the day. Money was raised for the expenses of the meeting and also for seating the house. This church has been organized only a year, and they have eighty-four members and a fine graded Sunday-school with an enrollment of about one hundred. They suffered the loss of their nice new house of worship just last week and that has hurt them some, but they are going on to rebuild in a short time. There has been an old anti-church in that neighborhood for more than twenty years—killing the sects and berating the progressives. A few years more and their fight will be over. This shows what can be done in a short time in this great mission field. The Baxters and Robert Graham did a great work for our cause here long before the war, but since then the anti-preachers have had, only too nearly, the right of way. Now that we have a missionary here under the home and state boards—a live and wide-awake man—we shall be able to reclaim this territory for more aggressive work. The churches in the cities are well up on every line of activity but the country churches need help. We are proud that the Fayetteville Church can come up to the Centennial with three Living Links to its credit. Our missionary under the home board has just begun work in this district. He is now at the historic spot of Prairie Grove—where one of the first battles of the Civil War was fought—in a meeting—four nights and nine additions.

The work at the First Church starts off in nice shape this autumn. The attendance at the state university has been cut short by leaving off a part of the preparatory department, but everything is alive on the university hill.

We have had additions the last three Sundays—two, three, three. We were made happy by a visit from the amiable Macfarlane four weeks ago, and several new members were added to our men's club, and much of enthusiasm administered, by reason of his visit. He doeth all things well. Mrs. Lockhart has about 100 young ladies in her Sunday-school class. They are all hustlers. We are looking forward to a meeting with Dr. Breeden in charge in the spring. Many of our folks are going to Pittsburg. Our Sunday-school is the largest in the history of the church.

Fayetteville, Arkansas.

## Prison Sunday and the Church

By Chaplain A. G. Gates.

"Prison Sunday" occurs this year October 31. It is a day when pastors and churches should especially consider the crime and criminal problems of our land. Some do so every year; why not all? The mute appeal from the 100,000 men behind the bars—still our neighbors and brothers—suggest, at least, some slight missionary claim upon our hearts and thought. And, with many of the great problems concerning crime and criminals still to be solved, is there not a true and a great call to every pastor and to every church in the land to be more than lightly concerned?

For some strange reason, society has been branding men more for paying the penalty for crime—serving a term in prison—than for their guilt in crime. To be stigmatized, "jailbird," or "ex-convict," produces more of a handicap in both the business and the social world, and digs more treacherous pit-falls in their path, than does almost any form of crime which goes unpunished. Punishment, therefore, not crime, leaves the stain of deepest hue. This is wrong, and no voice in the land should be more pronounced in its remedy than should the voice of the church. Again, we are too much inclined to catalogue a "branded" criminal according to his very worst record of life, yet none of us are willing to have the same test applied to himself. And since we ask the world to be charitable, let us be willing to extend charity, for without this, all else "profiteth nothing." When the man comes from prison, therefore, whether as a paroled or discharged prisoner, what better and more consistent treatment could be accorded than to meet him at the "cross roads," and in the spirit of the "Golden Rule," provide him a "job," and what is even more necessary, convince him that he shall again be trusted as a man, so long as he conducts himself in a manner worthy of that trust.

The Central Howard Association has been applying these principles for more than ten years, and the thousands of men who have been redeemed from a life of crime, and assisted to positions of trust and honor, and who have proven faithful as law abiding citizens, cannot fail to indicate the merits of such work. The crying need is for more of the same kind of work. The response to such an appeal will come from men and women more fortunate in life and more highly blest, who have come to know the joy and the good of rendering help to the neighbor who is down. Pastors who desire special literature this year from the Central Howard Association will receive the same by notifying the superintendent, F. Emory Lyon, 415 Rand McNally Building, Chicago.

### Helpers or Assistants FOR CHURCHES, PASTORS AND EVANGELISTS

Ability and character recommended. Write for classified list. Evangelistic Bureau, 152 Lake St., Chicago. (Established 1893.)

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